

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c

**Two sides of segregation
by a Southerner in Canada**

**The deadly mystery
of teenage smoking**

**Let's throw the athletes
out of our curling rinks**

Below, The Two Bridges at New Westminster, by Joseph Plaskett. The river is the Fraser, 20 miles from the sea

March 11 1961



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MACLEAN'S

Quiet riot: the coming protest against McCarthyism

How California students will peacefully defy an anti-Red committee

Most of the world has cheered the sit-in developed by Negro students of the southeastern United States as a new and peaceful medium of protest. This spring, some white students in the southwestern U.S. will unveil still another kind of protest. Theirs will be a protest against one of the last vestiges of McCarthyism and it will probably set a few people cheering too.

Their method might be called "the quiet riot"—a massive but peaceable demonstration. The students participating will include the couple of hundred who were involved in the very noisy riots in San Francisco last May—riots that sent 64 students to hospital and a dozen to jail. This time, probably around Easter, there may be as many as 3,000 students involved, but they're so determined to keep the peace that they've told the San Francisco police their plans and are asking for—and getting—police guidance on how to behave.

The quietness of the quiet riots is one way the students hope to get *their* side of a complex story across to the public.

The story began in 1959, just before the San Francisco hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee. The committee subpoenaed 110 college teachers from the area and leaked their names to the press. No teachers were called as witnesses, however, and all 110 were left with vague smears on their names. When the HUAC arrived in San Francisco in May 1960, a few students showed up to jeer. They were expelled from the hearings. The next day two hundred, mostly from the University of California at Berkeley, came back. Skirmishes broke out with the police.

Then two HUAC investigators subpoenaed the films two local TV stations had taken at the riot. The film was edited into a "documentary" called Operation Abolition, which was an attempt to blame Communist agitators for the riots. None of the students contends there were no Communists among the rioters, but nearly all of them resent being labeled dupes of the Reds. They are most angered by what they consider distortions in the film. According to The Reporter magazine, "... the police use of fire hoses on the students is justified on the basis of the claim that the students attempted to rush police barricades inside the City Hall, where the committee was holding its hearings. But no film accompanies the commentary about this alleged attempt; in fact, photographs taken at the time show the students seated on the floor and in the corridors when the hoses were turned on them. After the riots were over, the sheriff of San Francisco county said: 'There was no act of physical aggression on the part of the students.'"

The reason it's impossible to predict the time of the "quiet riots" is that the HUAC doesn't advertise its hearings in advance and issues subpoenas only two weeks ahead.

Meanwhile students from a dozen different organizations have formed the California Inter-Campus Coordinating Committee to make certain, when the HUAC does come west, that by peaceful, orderly demonstration and picketing, their opinion will be made public.

NEXT ADVERTISING campaigns for home appliances will emphasize how small they are. Manufacturers, inspired by satellite engineers' miniature machinery, are building: a refrigerator-freezer 28 inches wide; a dishwasher small enough to fit into a wall; an electric clothes dryer that folds up into a six-inch storage space.

BABY-WATCHING — the kind relatives do in maternity wards — is becoming an outdoor sport. A new hospital in St. Charles, Ill., will display newborn infants through a canopied outside window, and fewer fond aunts, uncles and in-laws will tramp through the corridors.

TOOTH ENAMEL can be restored by two chemicals now under experiment at the University of Alabama Medical Centre. Biochemists there deliberately softened 300 teeth, then hardened them in test tubes. One batch, treated by a calcium- and phosphorus solution, regained hardness in eight days; the others, treated with a chemical containing a fluoride, were restored in four hours.

False teeth at half price: legal soon everywhere?

The time may be coming when false teeth can legally be bought almost anywhere in Canada for \$85 from a dental mechanic, instead of for \$150 or more from a dentist.

Dentists are against the idea, but 125 dental mechanics in western Canada are making progress in a drive to change provincial laws that prohibit them from selling directly to the public. They won a partial victory in B.C. last fall, with passage of a bill allowing established dental mechanics (but not newcomers) to do what was already being done illegally.

Now they are urging the Alberta legislature to pass an even more liberal bill. Organized as the Canadian Denturist Association, with 125 members, they boast that west of Manitoba they have 80% of the market (much of it illegal) and insist that:

- ✓ dentists soak patients by charging \$150 for two hours' chair time and a pair of plates costing \$52.
- ✓ denturists can supply satisfactory plates for \$65 to \$80. "We feel the dentists' objection is based on monetary reasons," says Jack Katz, president of the 32-member Alberta Denturists' Society.

(Dentures fitted by Alberta dentists are made by a separate group, members of the Alberta Dental Laboratory Association.)

Dentists contend that bootleg dentures can be as dangerous as amateur surgery. They say:

- ✓ few denturists can meet recognized standards. "There are probably not more than three in Alberta who could hold a job in a regular dental lab," says Dr. R. A. Rooney, secretary of the Alberta Dental Association.
- ✓ even the best denturists aren't trained, as dentists are, to fit teeth properly and look for latent or developing disease.
- ✓ the prices dentists charge for plates are reasonable, considering the know-

how and care they take examining the mouth and getting a proper fit.

Meanwhile, in eastern Canada, where bootleg sales are more furtive, the practice seems to be growing. Quebec now prosecutes 100 cases a year. A Maclean's reporter called six dental technicians picked at random from the Montreal phone book; three said they would supply plates if the caller would say who recommended them.

A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE for CNR travel films has been found—in San Quentin prison. Inmates there are so fond of movies showing Canadian scenery that prison authorities borrow one railway film a month and give it a second-run showing as well at a California training farm for boys. Another steady U.S. audience: the FBI in Washington.

How we'll try to sell Canada to Europeans

Travel promoters, already doing a thriving business taking North Americans to Europe, are launching new campaigns to lure Europeans over here.

This year, for the first time, the Canadian Government Travel Bureau and Canada's two largest airlines, Trans-Canada and Canadian Pacific, will be advertising jointly in western Europe. They are hoping that Europe's present prosperity will enable many Europeans to take their first vacations abroad, and that immigrants in Canada will encourage their old-country relatives to come visiting.

But Canadian hotelkeepers and domestic transportation firms expect the competition from Americans will be tough. Five U.S.-owned companies and one European airline, Scandinavian Airlines System, are sharing the cost of sending a team to Europe this month to promote tourist travel to the U.S. and Canada, but the team's emphasis is likely to be on the U.S.; its members are all Americans.

Meanwhile, the U.S. government, concerned over the drain of dollars abroad, may yield to pressure to set up its own travel bureau.

Aware that the U.S. also has a more glamorous appeal to many Europeans, Canadian promoters will try to sell the attractions that set Canada apart from the U.S.: the romance of old Quebec, hunting and fishing in Ontario and the Gaspé, the sights of Banff and, later on, skiing in the Laurentians.

Promoters in both countries will be trying hard to persuade Europeans that a North American vacation is not as costly as they may think. Even with their prosperity, Europeans get much lower wages than North Americans. It takes a European stenographer about 16 weeks to earn the transatlantic air fare that an American stenographer can earn in six.

Travel promoters will be telling Europeans they can visit Canada on as little as \$15 a day, including room, meals, sightseeing and incidentals. "It's really amazing," says Robert Cieciuch, of Scandinavian Airlines' Montreal office, "how cheaply you can travel if you patronize little-known places and ask advice from the natives."

HOME-MADE AIRPLANES are becoming so popular that a newly formed organization, the Ultra Light Aircraft Association of Canada, already has nine member clubs. Ultra light aircraft are planes with one or two seats and motors of 30 to 95 horsepower. Hobbyists assemble them from kits costing \$800 to \$1,800.

A marriage counsellor calms B.C. Doukhobors

B.C. Doukhobors show promise of settling down at last. While the Sons of Freedom, a minority sect, have been notorious for bombings and nude demonstrations, independent and orthodox Doukhobors have resisted authority more peacefully, notably by refusing to accept citizenship or be married under Canadian laws.

But for the last 15 months William Evans, a Nelson magistrate and family court judge, has been touring the B.C. interior persuading Doukhobors to let him register them as citizens and legalize their marriages—some dating back over 50 years. When he has finished his travels this spring, he will have legalized 1,000 marriages and legitimized 4,000 offspring.

Appointed marriage counsellor for the Doukhobors by the B.C. legislature in 1959, Evans has been offering a compromise: Doukhobors who accept citizenship don't have to swear on the Bible. Observing Doukhobor custom, he has been carrying a loaf of bread, a shaker of salt and a pitcher of water into courtrooms and asking, "Do you affirm, over bread, salt and water, that the evidence you have given is the truth . . . ?"

Evans says he has encountered no opposition. "In every village their leaders have assisted me, providing meeting halls, and interpreters, stenographers and typewriters if I needed them." Long before he began performing the marriages, Evans won the Doukhobors' confidence. As family court judge, he had authority over children confined in a residential school at New Denver. The children, from the Sons of Freedom sect, were charged as habitual truants because their parents refused to send them to public school. Evans talked quietly, out of court, to the parents. In 1958 he promised one group: "I will release your children in minutes if you will pledge your oath to send them to public school." Parents of 17 children took the oath and were impressed with the speed with which Evans kept his word. A year later, he was able to release the last 77 children and close New Denver.

Now Evans believes that truancy problems are over, that young adults will apply for marriage licenses before living as man and wife, and that "all these people, independent, orthodox and Freedomite, will settle down and be good citizens." — JOHN ARNETT

NEXT SKILIFT in the Ottawa Valley will use helicopters instead of cables. Spartan Air Services, which already has a helicopter service from downtown Ottawa to the bottom of the Camp Fortune hills 20 miles away, plans to lengthen its flights so that skiers can step out at the top of a run and schuss down.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: We shouldn't try to lead the Commonwealth on South Africa

ONCE AGAIN the time returns when the Commonwealth must decide what to do about South Africa, and once again Canada is being urged to take a stand.

Keep the South Africans in, some say — in the genial atmosphere of this gentlemen's club their harsh ways with the Natives may be softened in time, and meanwhile we should Keep In Touch and stand by as potential support for the Good South Africans who might some day win an election.

Kick them out, cry other voices even more assured — let Canada take the lead on the side of the Emerging Nations, and be the first to blackball the bounders of *apartheid*.

Both of these opposing views strike us as far too simple. It seems to us that Prime Minister Diefenbaker faces a series of complex and difficult choices in London this month, that the course before him bristles with "ifs" and "buts" and "maybes", and that it's impossible, or at any rate unwise, for him to decide ahead of time exactly what he is going to do at the conference table.

Other Commonwealth nations have both a larger stake and a cleaner name in this important matter.

Suppose, for example, that Ghana and Nigeria, India and Pakistan, Ceylon and Malaya all decide (or yield to British persuasion) that it's better to have South Africa in than out. Does anyone seriously argue that Canada, with no real color problem of her own but a rather shabby

record on the issue nonetheless, should insist upon taking the initiative for exclusion? Such an attitude would be not so much Quixotic as Pecksniffian.

Suppose, at the other extreme, that all the Afro-Asian members call firmly for a stand against South Africa and force a clear choice between the South Africans and themselves. Surely not even the most eager bearer of the White Man's Burden would want the Commonwealth split right down the color line, with eighty-odd million whites on one side and half a billion browns and blacks on the other.

Then there is the third major possibility — actually a probability, according to some dispatches. South Africa itself may take the initiative, and demand membership in the Commonwealth on its own terms, demand to be "welcomed" and not merely tolerated, *apartheid* and all.

In practice no clear-cut choice is likely to be presented. Intelligent and highly skilled men will be exerting all their craft to prevent such sharp-edged situations from arising at all, and at Commonwealth meetings, for better and for worse, they quite often succeed. It is no part of Canada's duty to frustrate them this time. The Commonwealth conference has two major objectives that are not in all circumstances identical — one to advance the recognition of human equality, the other to strengthen the Commonwealth itself. Canada should take whatever course seems likely, in the circumstances that arise, to do the most good and the least harm to both these good causes.

MAILBAG: Religion in and out of the classroom / The problems of NATO free trade

What makes you object so strenuously that Canada should be called a Christian country? (Editorial, Feb. 11) We are what we profess to be. Are you going to call us a bunch of liars if we call ourselves Christians? Yet that is what you have implied. Childish prattle. — B. BLAIS, STE. FOY, QUE.

✓ Your evaluation of religion in the schools would have been accurate if you had not made two mistakes in assessing the opposition to religious education of the "extremists," as you call them. First, you made the error, far too common unfortunately, of assuming that those opposing such courses are "anti-religion" (the term is yours). The opposition to these courses is not opposition to religion, nor to religion in schools, but to religion in public schools. People with a true appreciation of religion are sensitive to the fact that it cannot be taught as an undefined nebulous religiosity — as it must be in the context of a public school.

Secondly, where do you get the impression that it is only Bible-reading that is involved? In the province of Ontario the course as prescribed and taught since 1944 is rather remote from Bible reading. Each year's work requires a teachers' manual of up to 140 pages replete with subjective comment, "historical notes," simplified sociology, diluted theology and sectarian doctrine. Just picking up one at random I find this comment, "The Jewish law taught love for one's neighbor, but recognized no member of another race or tongue as such. They were bidden to love the stranger, i.e. aliens living in their midst, but orthodox Jews excluded Gentiles and Samaritans from any neighborly consideration." (Grade Two Manual, p. 102.) Who is the Christian expert on Talmudic lore that can say with such

certainty that this statement is so, and recommend it for seven-year-olds in the second grade? — M. S. PEARSON, TORONTO.

✓ I am a minister who teaches religion in several schools, and I think you may be interested in a few of the more interesting answers to the latest examination on the parables. Definitions: a wineskin — someone who is always angry; leaven

They seem perfectly safe. — THE REV. ELGIN RINTOUL, DELAWARE, ONT.

✓ . . . Surely the opponents of public school religious instruction deserve a more considered judgment on your part than a few cavalier references to Bible stories, Jonah and the whale and Lady Chatterley. — K. S. HOWARD, MONTREAL.

Will free trade work?

The panacea of free trade (For the Sake of Argument, Feb. 3) has been the dream of economists for generations. But most of these economists lived in highly industrialized countries, surrounded by nations in various stages of colonial dependence, and not under conditions confronting our lopsided economy. In the past decades the world has shrunk and our knowledge increased enormously. We know, for instance, that even if Mr. Hutchison's "perfect" freetrading world could ever be evolved, nations would still have to reconcile themselves to varying standards of affluence according to their competitive abilities, geographical positions and national resources.

The phrase "North Atlantic free trade area" sounds fine, but I doubt that any government in Canada would ever have the courage to engage in an experiment which would lower our living standard almost immediately, in the hope that eventually we shall find our proper place in a "specialized" world and everything will be well again. — LESLIE PALFI, TORONTO.

The short reign of One Take Collins

I read The Short Reign Of A Film Queen (Jan. 28) with an odd mixture of interest, amusement and gratitude. You see, I spent a large and never-to-be-

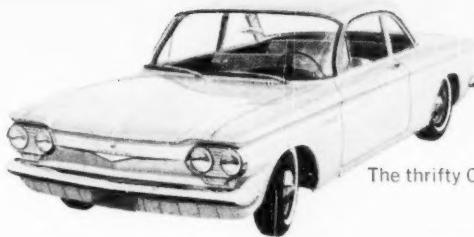
forgotten portion of my boyhood in Edmonton and Winnipeg. Carrying with me, as I do, a deep fondness for Canada and things Canadian, I find a poetic justice in the fact that the best publicity of my film career should come from Canada.

In brief defense of the film Living Venus, I know that both Herschell Lewis and I worked conscientiously to



make the best possible picture within the stringent impositions of our "pathetically" low budget. I am proud of our feat in producing Living Venus for such a low sum of money. As the lionized production manager and co-director of Living Venus (in actual fact I am the associate producer) I can say only that theatre people are given over first, last and always to the wicked magic of overstatement. That being the case, I am sure that the readers of Maclean's will understand if I make a correction in Miss d'Hondt's assertions. By calling me "One Take Collins" I realize that she was merely doing her best and acting in the great tradition of her craft, but I must confess the real truth. Living Venus was shot at a ratio of two to one. Therefore I must remain, sadly but truthfully, PRESTON (TWO TAKE) COLLINS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 8



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FATIGUE— A FRIEND IN DISGUISE



Nobody welcomes fatigue. Yet, it can be a friend in disguise. Without a sense of fatigue, we would often push ourselves beyond the limits of our endurance—and the diagnosis of certain diseases, of which fatigue is an early symptom, might be long delayed.

There are many kinds and many causes of fatigue. For example, there's simple physical fatigue which you feel after a strenuous "work-out." Actually, it's a beneficial type of fatigue—usually easy to cope with. You rest or get a good night's sleep—and it vanishes.

Fatigue may also be caused by low blood sugar—especially among people in the habit of eating little or no breakfast. Any healthy person who "tires out" before noon should have a breakfast high in protein foods—especially meat, eggs and milk. Thus a steady supply of "fuel" is available to sustain your energy.

In contrast, there's the persistent and exhausting form of fatigue that's entirely unrelated to physical effort

or diet. This is nervous or emotional fatigue. Brought on by anxiety, tension or boredom, it is a steady and stubborn drain on your energy.

If you are persistently tired, take a look at your way of life. How much exercise do you get? Physical activity is often the one thing most needed to overcome emotional fatigue. Whenever possible, a change of pace or a brief respite from routine may also help.

When fatigue persists, you should consult your physician. A check-up will reveal whether there's any disease to account for your tiredness. Or a frank talk about your worries may help untangle the emotional knots that make you "tired all the time."

Remember: for the most common forms of fatigue, "tonics" are seldom, if ever, of value. If fatigue doesn't disappear after sleep or rest, avoid self-medication. Fatigue, like any symptom of physical or mental distress, should be investigated by your physician.

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MACLEAN'S

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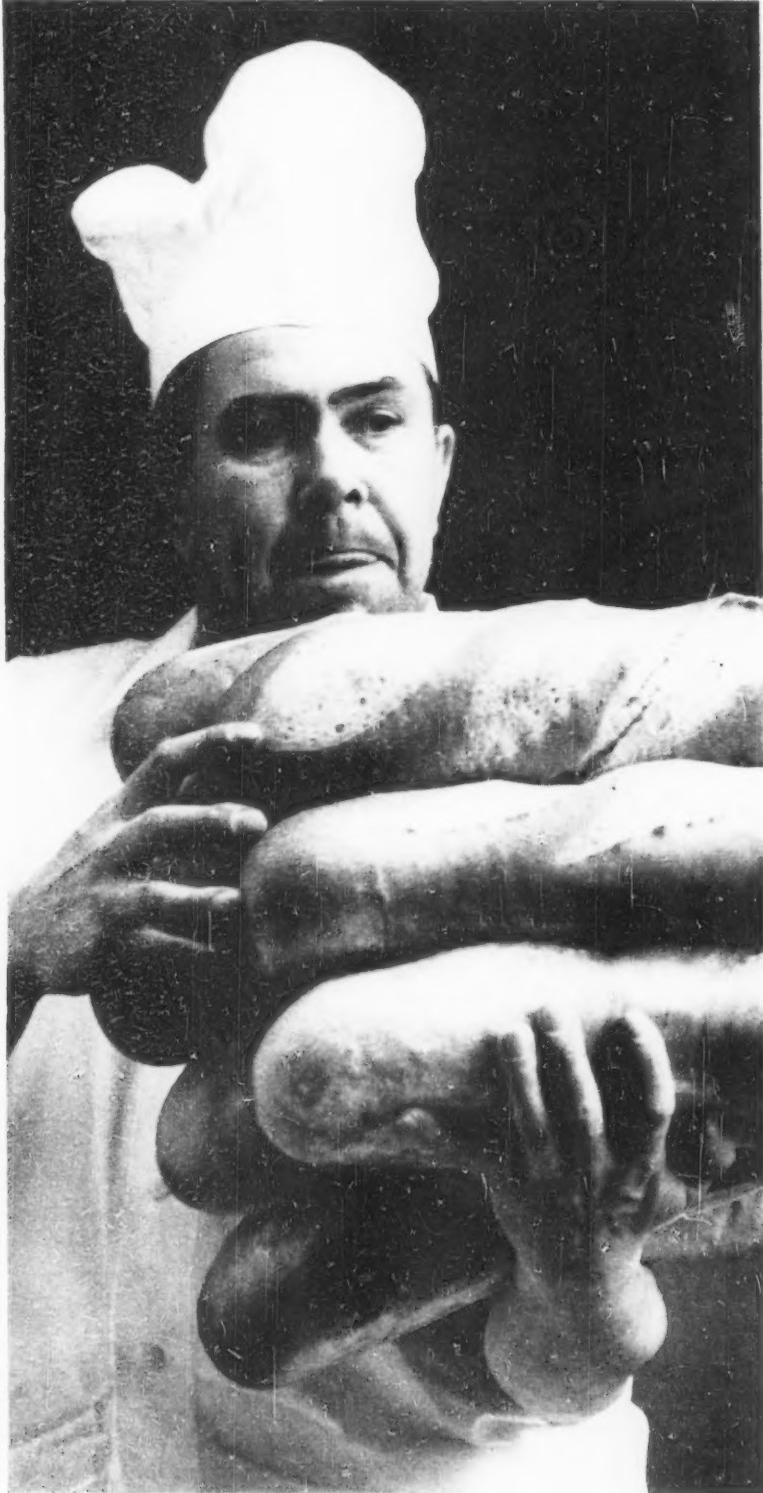
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MAILBAG

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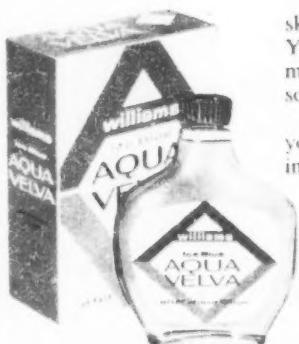


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**Should minorities depend on law protection?
The advantages of the old-fashioned elevator**

Mr. Borovoy blew away some of the sentimental froth from Brotherhood Week, but I question a dependence upon law or force to solve problems of minorities or to regulate their relationships. Law is simply the official sanction of public opinion and sentiment (i.e. custom). Custom and law must keep pace with each other. The futility of law to enforce certain attitudes is illustrated by the collapse of the Jim Crow regulations against Negroes in the South. I violated them when I was there because I resented the attempt to make me practise intolerance. By the same token, other people resent laws forcing them to practise tolerance. As Billy Graham says—"You can't legislate goodness into people or evil out of them." —MARVIN A. PARK, CANFIELD, ONT.

Were older elevators safer?

Your story on the girl in the elevator was fascinating in its detail (What it's like to spend the night in an elevator, Jan. 28). I have always wondered—what if a jam-packed elevator stalled and the air conditioning happened to go off too? Another black hole of Calcutta? The old cage type of elevator had its advantages. —MRS. L. DOANE, TORONTO.

More pot shots at Porter

May I suggest that if you ever have occasion to send one of your staff up here to Northwestern Ontario, don't send that fellow Porter (For the Sake of Argument, Jan. 28). I am afraid that hunters, arms collectors, rifle and handgun target shooters, in fact most of the adult male population as well as a large part of our womenfolk, don't like him too well.—DR. JOHN SIREN, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.



completely and breathed through a small tunnel between the two coverings.

Never have I been molested by wild animals of any kind, but the weird howl of the timber wolf is quite chilling to listen to.—C. E. STEPHENS, ST. OLA, ONT.

How to help African students

The Bantu devours books, due to his great thirst for knowledge. If he is provided with the right kind, this is a blessing and will help shape his mind to our own way of thinking. But if we cannot offer him this type of literature, he will find some of another kind, and God knows how many undesirable books, newspapers, magazines, etc., are being used throughout this continent. We would very much appreciate, accordingly, your launching an appeal through your widely circulated magazine, on behalf of our secondary school, for used books.

Zomba Secondary School, staffed by nine Canadian missionaries, offers a four-year course, viz. standards VII to X (grades 9 to 12), and this year received some 220 boys aged between fifteen and twenty-three. As these boys are now living a critical period of their national history, one easily understands the necessity of providing at least these few chosen ones with the best opportunities, so that they can leave the school with a mind broadened and able to appreciate modern problems and see where their solutions can be found.

To all those who will hear this appeal and answer it by forwarding to the librarian of Zomba Secondary School books or magazines of all kinds for our students, let me say in the name of these students, present and to come, "Zikomo, Zikomo kwambi-li! Ambuye akudalitseni! Thank you very much. God bless you."—BROTHER ANDREW FOURNIER, F.M.S., LIBRARIAN, ST. THOMAS' SECONDARY SCHOOL, ZOMBA, NYASALAND, AFRICA. ★



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Ralph Allen is an author who spends his sporting hours throwing rocks.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

RALPH ALLEN SAYS

Let's kick the athletes out of curling

A FEW DAYS from now a new team of national champions will be crowned in Canada's fastest-growing pastime, the excellent game of curling.

The average age of the new champions will be 23.7 years. They will all have the muscles of Olympic weight-lifters, the agility and physical co-ordination of the late Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and their own teeth. Saluting them, hundreds of thousands of other curlers will sigh with fake satisfaction: "One thing you've got to say: it's not an old people's game any more."

That's the trouble, and here intrudes a quavering, reedy voice of protest. It's true that curling is no longer a game for the old or aging, or even for the moderately young. But it ought to be, and the rules should be changed forthwith to restore it to those to whom it rightfully belongs.

Curling was invented four hundred years ago for one divinely inspired purpose: to give people over thirty-five about a quarter as much exercise as they need and about half as much as they can stand. Its whole reason for being is to supply harmless doses of fresh air and exertion to a race that could not normally survive the shock of either.

Send them back to the poolrooms

Curling was never meant for well-honed gymnasts in their teens and early twenties. It was meant for plump ladies named Ethel and creaky gentlemen named George and, if you want to put it that way, me. But like all the refugees of Ethel and George and me and anyone else who can remember as far back as Greta Garbo, it has been usurped by another generation and swallowed up in their tastes and designs as ruthlessly as radio has been swallowed up by Elvis Presley.

Ken Watson, probably the greatest curler who ever lived — and, may God forgive him, one of the chief engineers of the game's remodeled style, philosophy and mystique — recently summarized the change. "Our future national curling champions," he wrote, "will be young men who dedicate themselves completely to curling by devoting countless hours to practice." According to Watson's estimate the 1960 Canadian and world champions, the Richardson rink of Regina, got there by spending 800 hours a winter either at curling rinks or going to or home from curling rinks. This equals a hundred eight-hour days or a third of the working hours of a calendar year.

At any respectable level of skill, curling has ceased to be a recreation and become a vocation. Nearly all the good curlers now are athletes and — even worse — young athletes. I maintain it is time to escort these Merrivells and Tarzans to the exit and send them back where all right-thinking

young men should be, chasing girls or hanging around poolrooms. If they still insist on being athletes let them try out for the Montreal Canadiens or apply for that vacant spot at corner linebacker with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers.

Thus far I assume all reasonable members of the audience are with me. Some will be saying, however, that, although the goal I have outlined is a righteous and noble one, it may not be so easy to achieve. To place an absolute ban against curlers under the age of say, thirty-five or forty, would be harsh and undemocratic, not to mention difficult. This I do not recommend or even hint at. No, the thing required is not to liquidate the young curler, but only to cut down on the premiums that make him automatically and by definition so much better than the old curler that plump old Ethel and creaky old George and I have become objects of kindly derision in a game that was devised for us in the first place.

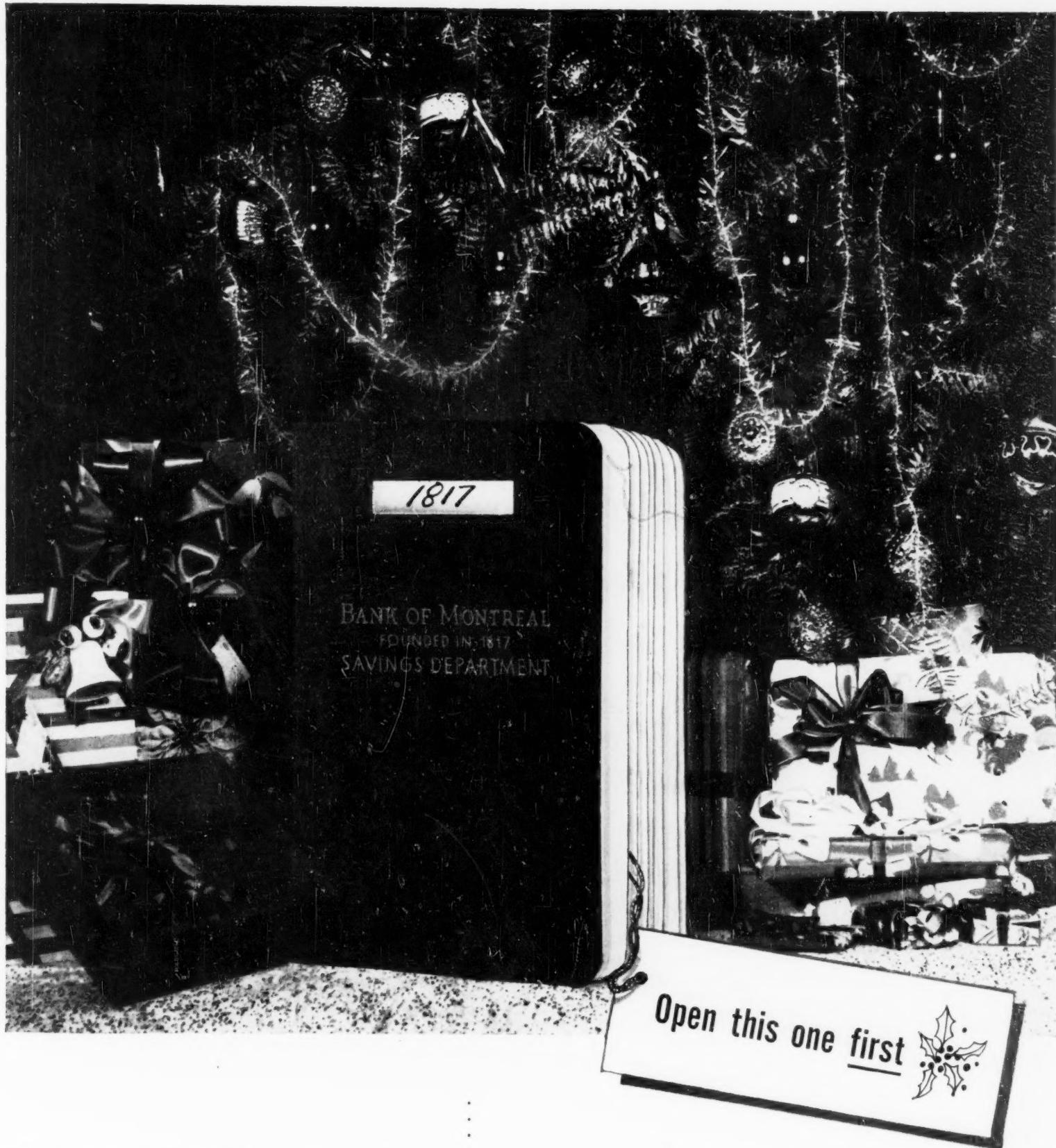
Whatever is done about the rules, most good young curlers will continue to be somewhat better than most good old curlers. But there are two simple changes which, without detracting from the game's bountiful attractions, would give the player, as contrasted with the athlete, at least an outside chance of holding his own.

Curling is one of the few sports extant in which it is possible to enforce the rules uniformly and precisely without constant recourse to a referee or umpire. It is played on a sheet of ice 138 feet long and fourteen feet wide. There are four players on each rink, or team. Each player throws or pushes two rocks weighing about forty pounds each from one end of the ice toward the other. When all the rocks of the two teams, or rinks, have been thrown — sixteen in all — they start counting the ones closest to the target. Each player is equipped with a broom, which he may use to sweep the ice ahead of his own or any teammate's rock. It has been established that vigorous sweeping can make a rock go as much as eighteen feet farther than it would go without sweeping — well over ten percent of the total length of the ice. Sweeping can also affect the degree to which a rock will bend or curl.

Thus, of the primary skills required for curling, the first is proper aim and "weight" in throwing the rock and the second is sweeping. They are both physical skills and always will be; the point of this protest is that they have both become muscular skills as well, and that the advantages of muscular skill have grown far beyond the founding fathers' original intention and the whole spirit in which the game was meant to be played.

No rink can really be more than upper-second-rate unless it has four first-rate

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61



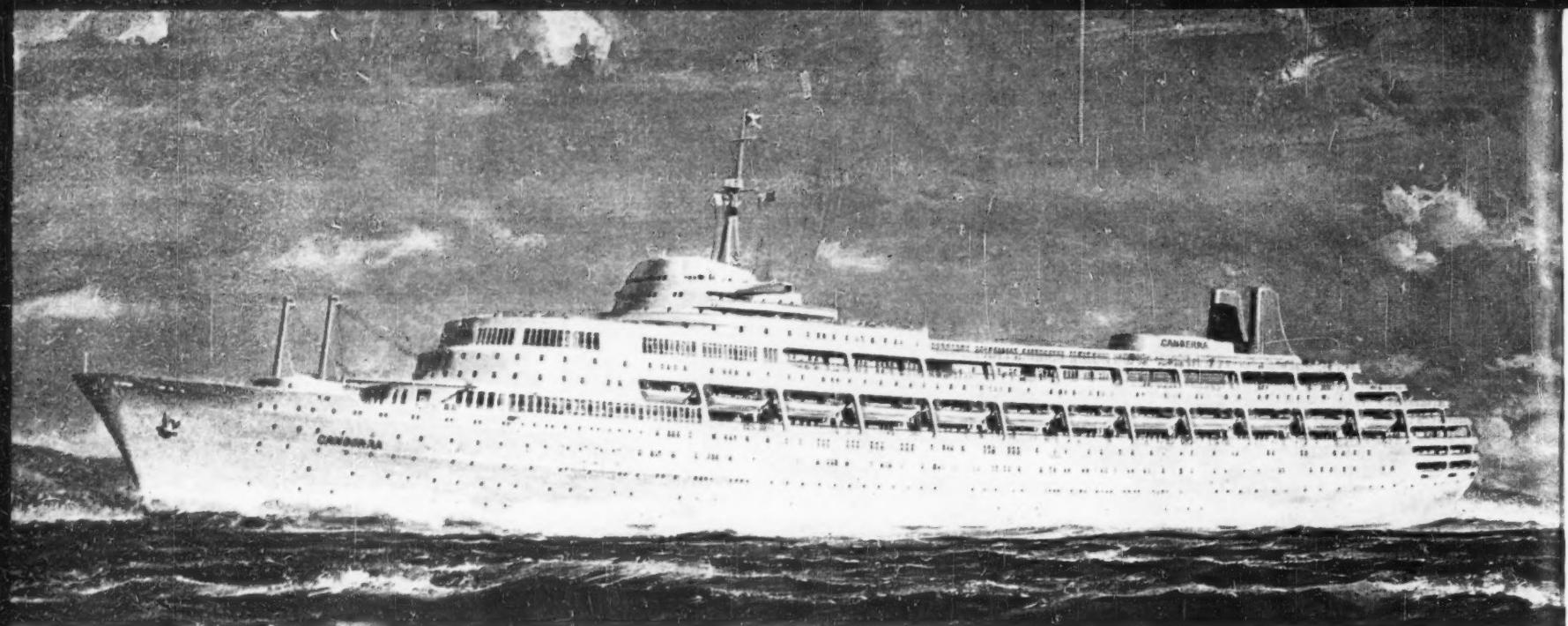
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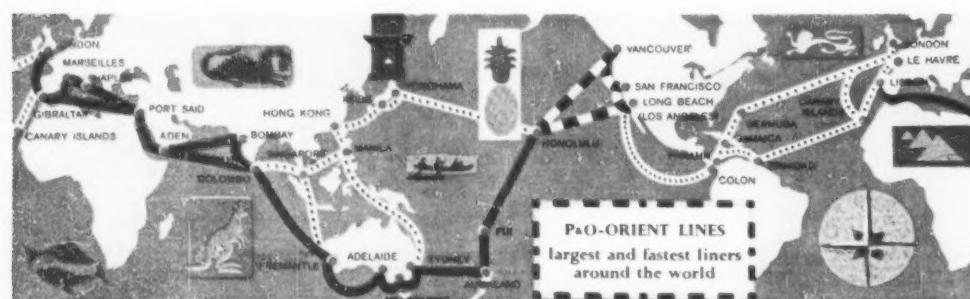
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HOW THE POOR STAY ALIVE

This month 300,000 Canadians are on the vicious treadmill that leads from one handout to the next. Here McKenzie Porter tells who they are and how they narrowly win the struggle to survive

IN CANADA, the second richest country in the world, three hundred thousand men, women and children live in poverty. They belong to families that depend for the necessities of life on local relief, or the money paid by municipalities to people who, after a means test, are judged by officials to be destitute.

"Nowhere in Canada," says Dr. Elizabeth Govan, a professor of social work at the University of Toronto, "is local relief sufficient to provide its recipients with really adequate food, clothing and shelter."

In Toronto, which is supposed to epitomize Canadian prosperity, more than twenty thousand people were on local relief in January. Toronto's relief payments, close to the highest in the land, were forty-eight dollars a month for a single person, rising to a maximum of a hundred and eighty dollars a month for the head of a family with six or more dependents. (Ontario Welfare Department officials will not estimate the number of those who do get the maximum figure, but social workers say it is shamefully small.) For every dollar the average family receives in relief from the municipality, it receives forty cents in supplementary assistance from charitable institutions. In other

words, Toronto's indigents must beg for about a third of their material needs.

Generally speaking, local relief is paid to persons in the second stage of unemployment. During the first stage most jobless persons receive unemployment insurance benefits, ranging from six to thirty-six dollars a week. (Most claimants receive between twenty-six and thirty-six dollars.) It often happens that a man and wife, both drawing unemployment insurance, can manage to get by respectfully during brief periods without work. But unemployment insurance benefits do not go on for ever. The duration varies widely, according to the amount the recipient paid in premiums when he was working, and according to the season of the year in which he is laid off. If he is laid off at a winter date after December 1, for example, he is usually able to go on drawing unemployment insurance benefits until May 15. Benefits last for a maximum of twelve months of continuous unemployment. After that there is nothing for the jobless person save relief.

Even in times of full employment there are misfits, deadbeats, alcoholics, delinquents and other social cripples who never hold a job for long and so depend heavily upon relief. But in

times like these there are many people on relief who have always considered themselves solid middle-class citizens. Anyone meeting and talking with them may well say: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

I called on people who have had to accustom themselves to rising in the mornings knowing that there is not a scrap of food in the house. I saw children who frequently are kept away from school because they lack shoes or overcoats. I met a housewife who wears an old party dress to receive daytime visitors because all her other indoor garments are indecently threadbare. I entered one house that has no central heating and no hot water, another that was infested, in January, with flies, and a third in which old blankets were hung against the inside of the windows to conserve heat.

Each of these miserable homes cost the tenants almost as much in rent, heat and fuel as a modern suburban apartment would cost them—between fifty and a hundred dollars monthly. The average family on relief in Toronto pays fifty percent of its income for shelter. Social workers say that the disproportionate rent paid by the poor, particularly in metropolitan

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Soup kitchens serve deadbeats, but they also serve family men saving relief money to feed their children. At this Toronto mission, 600 now line up daily.

THE POOR continued

areas, is their biggest single problem. Landlords of modern dwellings in congenial districts will not accept unemployed tenants. In consequence most people on relief are compelled to live in shabby districts.

Ethel Ostry, a member of the staff of Toronto's Neighborhood Workers' Association, a voluntary welfare agency, says: "Generally speaking, landlords in shabby districts don't evict tenants for occasional non-payment of rent. They like to have the tenants in arrears. The tenant feels under an obligation to them and stays on in the dwelling, trying to pay off the arrears when he gets a job. This custom keeps many dwellings constantly occupied that are unfit for human habitation."

Mary Jury, another officer of the Neighborhood Workers' Association, says: "Once a family becomes truly indigent it gets into a rat race from which there seems to be no escape. Lack of money reduces the breadwinner to such a poor appearance that he is at a disadvantage in seeking work. Sometimes a man cannot apply for a job because he hasn't the car fare to get to the interview. Thousands of indigent families are without a telephone and thus beyond reach when a job is being offered. Ten cents for a telephone call from a booth, even the cost of stamps and writing paper to apply for jobs, represents a big strain on their budget. So these families tend to slip out of communication with the rest of society. Unable to pay installments, they often lose their furniture. Frequently, because of unpaid bills, their gas and electricity are cut off. Their homes become bare, more dilapidated and more depressing. And it shocks me to see how many have to make daily trudges around the welfare agencies, often in bitter weather, begging for food and clothing."

Getting the run-around is one of the most frustrating and exhausting consequences of poverty. This is evident in the case of a Toronto couple named John and Joan Harnish, who are twenty-eight and twenty-five.

Until a few months ago, they lived in an eighty-dollar-a-month flat. Harnish, a layer of hardwood flooring, used to earn between seventy-five and a hundred dollars a week, working on piece rates. But over the past two years the slowdown in construction has brought him fewer and fewer jobs. Early last fall, after several periods of unemployment, he moved with his wife to an attic in Toronto's West End, to economize.

The attic, which costs forty-eight dollars a month, is barely but tastefully furnished and decorated. The dormer walls are papered with a modernist pattern, the wooden chairs are brightly painted, and the continental bed has a cheerful contemporary cover. There is a refrigerator, a stove and a sink, all in good condition. It is a rather romantic little place, the sort of place in which a struggling artist might be happy. Outside, in the street, stands the Harnish car, a 1948 Chevrolet, worth about seventy-five dollars. Harnish requires the car not only because his wife is pregnant and slightly lame, and cannot walk far, but because when he does get work laying floors he often has to drive thirty or forty miles to the job.

Last November, after several months without work of any kind, when Harnish was almost penniless, he finally got a regular job at a hundred and ninety-two dollars a month loading and unloading trucks in a lumber yard. A condition of employment was his signature on a document stating that he'd be willing to join a local of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

Harnish signed, believing that he'd actually enrolled in the union. On November 22, after three days' work and before he'd drawn any pay, the union called a strike. For two weeks Harnish stood on the picket line, expecting that like the others he'd draw union strike pay. Then he discovered he was not entitled to strike pay because the union document he'd signed did not constitute an enrollment. He left the picket line, and when he got home he and his wife had to face the fact that for the first time in their lives they had neither food nor money.

At the Unemployment Insurance Commission, Harnish was told that he CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

This family of eight lives on a dole of \$180 a



a month. Children fed on starches are overweight but undernourished



Gordon and Jean Izzard of Toronto have six children, all under 13. Izzard, 45, lost his job of 15 years when the company closed down 11 months ago. He has been out of work since. Of his \$180 monthly relief, he pays a total of \$100 for rent, light and coal (for the stove that heats his five-room house; the



furnace has broken down). His gas has been cut off. Though their fridge seldom bulges, he and his wife and three older children are overweight from their diet of fried foods and starches. Often, one of the four children who go to school has to be kept home — in a drafty house — for want of heavy winter clothes.

Photographs By Don Rutledge



The author breakfasts in Tennessee with her mother. Family cook, Lila, pours. Aileen Smith, an actress, married a Canadian nine years ago, lives in Toronto.



Aileen's father serves Negroes in his country store, but won't call any of them "Mister." The

A Southerner in Canada makes a

By Aileen Taylor Smith
as told to
June Callwood

As a Southerner, transplanted nearly nine years ago to Canada, I am experiencing the dismaying isolation that comes with seeing both sides of a problem, integration in the South, that everyone I know tells me has only one side. My relatives in Brownsville, Tennessee, see the solution clearly: keep the Negro in his place. My friends in Toronto are just as positive: the Negro must have equal rights, instantly.

When some ugly news like the riots in New Orleans is on front pages day after day, I know people in Tennessee are saying it's because of those interfering Northerners and that ruthless Negro group, the National Association

for the Advancement of Colored People. I don't have to guess what Canadians are thinking. They tell me: Southerners are lunatics. For me, it's as personal as hearing about a vile scandal in the family.

I used to explain, protectively, that all the unpleasant incidents were the work of what we call "tacky" people, illiterate white bigots who live in slovenliness. I've stopped that. The Brownsville whites never used to pay the slightest attention to the tacky whites in the South, but I notice that many respectable people are not only listening to the hot hatreds of the bigots, they are even agreeing.

I visit home every summer and again at Christmas and I have been unable to avoid realizing that a monster is fattening under the surface of the quiet little town I love—and presumably everywhere in the South. The resentment and fear building between whites and Negroes seem to me to have reached almost the



tension shocked her: "Conversations are studded with 'hush' because a servant might be listening."

es a frightening journey home

point of general hysteria and mob violence. Brownsville looks the same: brick courthouse on the square, white clapboard houses generations old, maples and magnolias along sleepy streets. But it really is greatly changed. Behind the polite, agreeable faces, I find deep bitterness.

One of the most pronounced symptoms of it is that conversations in my friends' homes are now studded with "hush" because a servant might be listening. A distinguishing feature of a Southern servant has always been that he feels quite comfortable joining in the family discussion, leaning affably against the dining-room wall and joshing with the guests. This trend toward whispers and conspiratorial glances over the shoulder is foreign to me. I can see why it's necessary though: in Brownsville today, there aren't many topics outside complaints about the Negro.

If I still lived in the South, I think I'd be a segregationist like my friends.

That's why the action of one of them seems to me a significant omen of an underlying moderation that may be the South's only hope. This friend owned a service station in Brownsville and one of his colored employees was rumored to be a member of NAACP. In the South, any such suspicion often results in immediate dismissal of the offender. A laundry in a town near Brownsville refused to fire a girl accused of belonging to NAACP and was boycotted out of business. My friend was so furious at the suggestion that the same measures would be taken against him that he sold his station and moved away. "I won't live in a town that would do a thing like that," he declared. Most people thought it was very strange of him, getting so upset about a little thing like firing a Negro. I only wonder how a man born and raised in Brownsville could still recognize this as an injustice.

It isn't as easy as it seems in Toronto. I've gone home CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Lila, the cook, holds Aileen's infant daughter. Lila has spent half a century on the Taylor farm, knows little of such things as civil rights. Below, Mrs. Smith with her husband Ronald and son David outside her parents' Tennessee home.



YOU JUST STAND THERE
RENT SOMETHING.



Ron Leonard and Russ Garrison, owners of Canada's first rent-anything store, in Toronto, show stock that includes a wallpaper-steaming device.

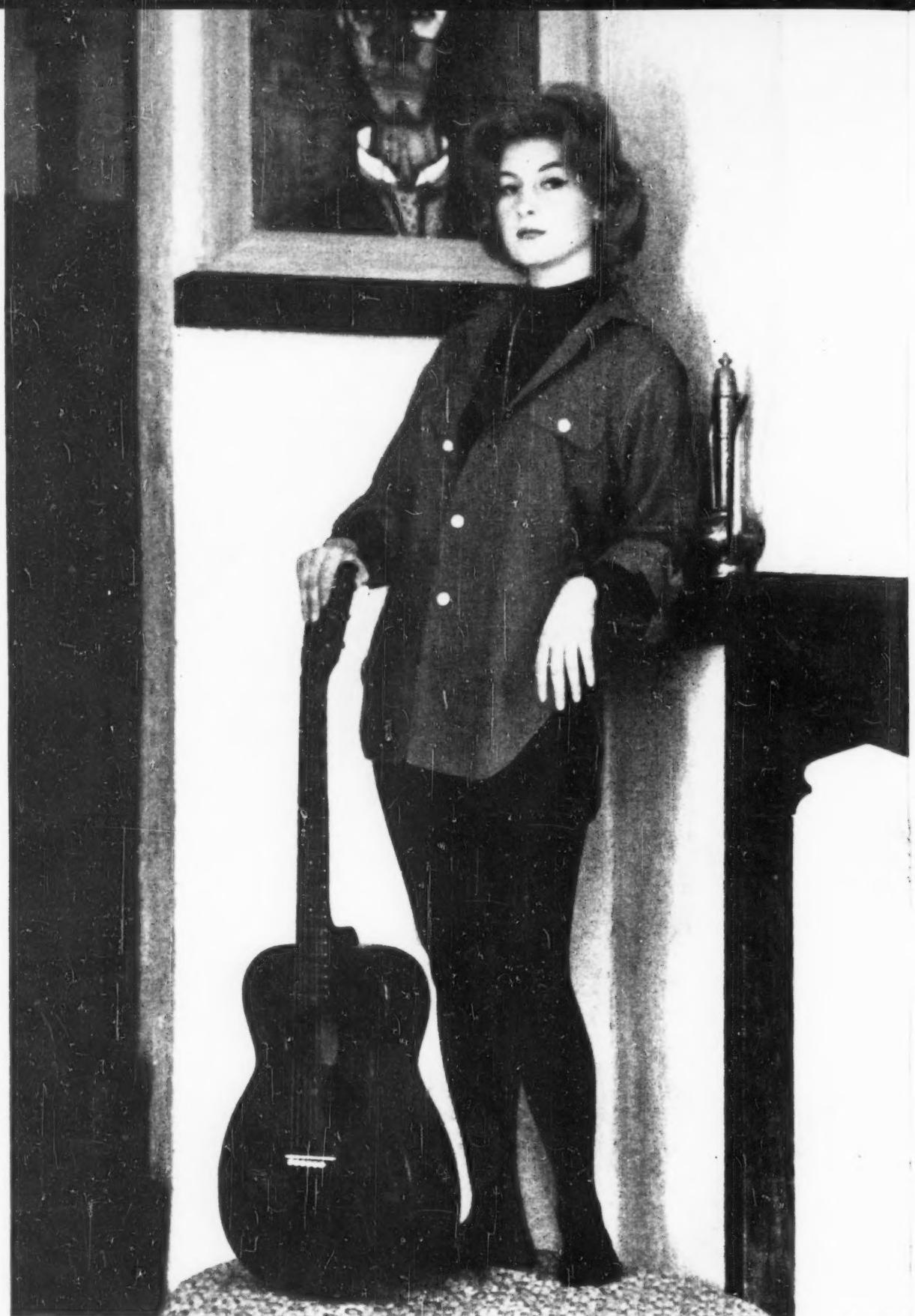
Today you can rent a wine press, a bartender or an entire party, with a beatnik guest— You can rent a slenderizer, a palm tree or a sucking pig. You can, in fact, keep well ahead of the Joneses without actually owning a thing

By Trent Frayne

IT WAS WITH utter unconcern one humid evening last September that Joyce Davidson, a television performer, remarked to a friend in downtown Toronto that since she was giving a party for forty-two people that evening, perhaps she'd better be getting home.

Two casual hours later, glowing like a ripe fresh peach, Miss Davidson greeted her guests. In the interim she had

• driven seven miles to her rented house in her rented convertible



Ready to live a rented life, U of T co-ed Susan Kastner last year was offered for hire as a musical beatnik.

• washed her hair and dried it in a rented dryer while writing two letters on a rented typewriter

• read a chapter from a rented book while vibrating gently in a rented reducing machine

• consulted her rented bartender on the placement of rented bar equipment that included, among other appurtenances, fifty rented tumblers, a rented linen tablecloth and fifty rented linen napkins.

Also lying around Miss Davidson's happy home that evening, rented but

temporarily untouched, were a post-hole digger, a power lawnmower, a tape recorder and an exercise bicycle.

"I'm not much for owning things I don't really need," she confided later in remarkable understatement. "I like the convenience of renting. Besides, the burden of owning something big frightens me. By renting, I can have what I need when I need it. That way, I get all the advantages of ownership without the responsibility or the expense."

There you hear the voice of one

who epitomizes a new and booming facet of the rental business—its scope. People have been renting houses and cars for years and many a man has gone to his wedding in the impeccable splendor of a formal suit he never saw before and won't see again, but nowadays the renting business is wilder than a young lefthander. Indeed, only a man of vast imagination can conceive of something that can't be rented.

"Everything but edibles," grins 37-year-old Ron Leonard, a former na-

ional advertising director of the Odeon theatre chain in Canada who went into the renting business a year ago in Scarborough, a northeastern Toronto suburb. One day recently Leonard got phone calls from five widely assorted clients wanting to rent a moosehead, a bulletproof vest, a bed-wetting alarm, a truss and a pair of oars. He supplied them all.

Leonard is in partnership with 32-year-old Russ Garrison in a firm called Complete Rent-Alls. Garrison ran his own business in which he designed, built and installed custom high-fidelity systems until he and Leonard read a U.S. trade publication extolling the virtues of the rent-all method.

"The core of the plan is to offer for rent items that cost so much, are so unusual or must be had in such large quantities that the average person finds it uneconomical to buy them for seasonal or for one- or two-time use," explains Garrison, a soft-voiced, un hurried, dark-haired young fellow. "Dishes, tumblers and silver to feed 500 people are examples. Power tools for do-it-yourself nuts are another, such as drills, floor sanders and wallpaper steamers."

The do-it-yourself craze provided the impetus for renting's vast expansion in recent years, according to Peter Whittall, the Mr. Fix-It of television.

"Say a guy wanted to strap his basement," he expands. "He didn't own anything so he borrowed a neighbor's drill and burned it out and they never spoke again. Now, he goes out and rents a power-actuated gun or an industrial heavy-duty drill that he can't possibly break. He gets the job done and he keeps his friends."

The sequel to specialty renting, such as power tools, is general renting, such as anything. This department-store-of-rental-equipment idea was originated on July 13, 1948, in Omaha, Nebraska, by E. B. Smith and D. R. Patton, who stayed in business eighteen months and then, as Smith relates, "we sold out to get the necessary funds to expand the franchising end of the business."

Through the next dozen years they established 375 people in the rental business, forming a chain of United Rent-All stores all over the U.S.

"In that time, our stores have rented to all types of people," says Smith. "As a matter of fact just the other day we provided numerous accessories for a garden party held by President Kennedy in Palm Beach."

United Rent-Alls gives its franchise holders guidance on location, what to charge, inventory, bookkeeping and insurance. Smith says gross income of United Rent-Alls stores now averages about \$12,000,000 annually.

Toronto's Russ Garrison and Ron Leonard have visions of becoming this country's United Rent-Alls. Both went to Omaha to try for a United franchise, but found they couldn't get the terms they wanted. Subsequently they launched Complete Rent-Alls, which is not connected with United. Last year they did so well in Toronto's eastern reaches that they opened a rent-all in the west end last month.

"The banks think we have a good thing," says Garrison. "We started with \$8,000 in inventory. At the end

of eight months, it was \$20,000. Next summer we plan to open a third outlet on our own lot in north Toronto in a building leased back to us. We'll spend maybe \$60,000 on fencing in the property so that we can operate a huge rental yard."

In season, the hottest item they've stocked has been a wine press.

"A fellow drove all the way from Brantford, sixty-odd miles, to rent one last fall," recalls Leonard, a lanky, greying man who also rents himself out as a magician. "We didn't have it at the time but I went right out and bought one, and just in the nick of time, too. For the next three weeks there was such a demand for do-it-yourself winemakers that the customers were going from one to another to pick up the press. At the end of three weeks the wooden sides of the press were a deep purple from thousands of grapes."

Once, they got a call for a horse and wagon. They don't stock them, naturally, but they went out and rented them from a junk dealer in the neighborhood. Their caller wanted the horse and wagon to carry a load of pumpkins to a neighbor's property where he dumped the pumpkins on the lawn on a Sunday morning.

But why the horse and wagon?

"We never question motives," says Leonard. "We just rent."

SLENDERIZERS ARE LIVELY

On other occasions they've rented old luggage for a stagecoach (to a movie firm advertising the picture *The Alamo*), palm trees (for a party), a pair of wooden shoes (for a play) and three films of the original movies *Ben-Hur*, Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Train Robbery*, and *Making a Living*, a 1914 movie with Mack Sennett and Charlie Chaplin. With projectors, these 8-mm and 16-mm classics are rented for upward of \$6 a day or \$8 for the weekend. A friend of Garrison's was a collector of old movies and made them available to him for renting.

There is a steady year-round call for slenderizers, which rent at \$13.50 a month, and although the call for them comes mostly from women, a Toronto policeman once was a client.

Garrison and Leonard find that an essential of their business is the ability to handle their own maintenance. "People who rent things are more careless than they would be with their own," says Leonard. "If we had to farm out our maintenance, we'd go broke. Right now, in fact, we're taking a course in gasoline motors so we can repair them." Breakage to glassware, china, and so on is paid for by the customer at the price the articles cost the partners.

Constantly on the prowl for new business, Garrison wrote to the Metropolitan Opera last May soliciting its pig account. He'd read that a pig was a supernumerary in *The Gypsy Baron*, playing in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens last year. Michael Manuel of the Met replied ecstatically to Garrison's letter.

"For our performance of *The Gypsy Baron* in Toronto on May 31 we re

quire a very small pig, preferably about two weeks old," wrote Manuel. "It appears in the first act and again briefly in the third. Since pigs out of their natural environment tend to squeal a good deal, Mr. Walter Szekak, who carries the pig, likes to give it a bottle of milk. Therefore, your pig must be used to taking a baby bottle."

Garrison's plan to rent out the pig was poked two days later, however, when Manuel wrote that one of the opera's sponsors in Toronto, a Rotarian, owned a piglet he was supplying for *The Gypsy Baron*.

While Complete Rent-Alls is believed to be the only complete rental establishment in this country, there are any number of specialty firms. It's conceivable that merely by consulting the yellow pages of a directory a man can go through life without owning anything. He can rent cars, trucks, garden and home tools, snow tires, golf clubs, boxing gloves, skates, bowling shoes, television sets, radios, boats, bulldozers, paintings, records, horses, hospital beds and wheelchairs, bed linen, table linen, men's shirts, costumes, suits, complete wedding clothes for the principals, the bridesmaids and even the bride's weeping mother. And, as almost every young mother knows, she need not stand over a hot stove in the aromatic steam of her little darling's boiling diapers. There are men who look after this sort of thing, men like Milt Berk, manager of Toronto's Stork Diaper Service.

"Within these walls," says Berk, a voluble enthusiast, "we have more than a million diapers. We supply 5,500 mothers with seven dozen diapers each per week at the ridiculously low price of \$2.25. We have diapers coming, diapers going, and diapers right here being washed and dried. I'll tell you, we get to the bottom of things, ha ha ha, no pun intended. We go to conventions to keep posted on current affairs in the diaper line. Cleanliness becomes a tremendous thing. If any of the thirty girls on our production line passes a dirty diaper she'll be fired. Summarily."

Even towns have prospered by renting. The police department at Orangeville, some fifty miles northwest of Toronto, pays \$240 a year in rent for a miniature electronic device that answers the telephone and tape-records

messages when Chief John Traynor and his four constables are out of the office. If the department didn't have the machine, says the chief, it would have to hire two more constables, one for each evening and night shift, at a cost of \$6,200 a year. Now, when a citizen calls the coppers, the recorder tapes the message and flashes a red light on the street to alert constables on patrol.

It sounds like an ideal situation for a practical joke, but Chief Traynor says no.

"Orangeville is pretty small," he points out. "We could easily trace the voice."

Some rentals have unforeseen repercussions. A man once rented an RCMP uniform from Malabar's, a costume firm with offices in Montreal, Winnipeg and Toronto. He wanted it for a masquerade party in Toronto, he said, but a few days later an RCMP officer stepped into Malabar's to enquire about it. It turned out the customer hadn't gone to a masquerade at all but instead had gone to Elizabeth Street in Toronto's Chinese district and demanded that several shopkeepers turn over their cash "for protection." One Chinese, suspicious, moved out of a rear door and returned with one of Toronto's finest. He put the arm on the pseudo-redcoat. The RCMP officer informed Malabar's that in future no mounted-police uniforms could be rented without special RCMP permission. This usually is granted for musicals like *Rose Marie* but never for masquerades.

Costume rental people get the strangest requests. One woman went into the Winnipeg store and asked for a hat that contained a bird cage that contained a canary that sang. She got it when Jim Malabar, head of the Winnipeg store, was able to track down a singing bird at an ornithologist's. In Montreal a woman wanted a four-poster bed; Tanyss Malabar found one in an antique shop. A well-groomed woman entered the Toronto store with one of the most unusual notions. "I'm going to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras," she said. "I want to wear a costume of someone who has gone to hell." That stopped Malabar's only temporarily. "We did her up as Lucrezia Borgia," Harry Malabar recalls. "We figured that was safe enough." *CONTINUED ON PAGE 56*



Dishes are a rental mainstay. Garrison's wife, Doris, helps clean a stack



Sculptor E. B. Cox rests in the embrace of his giant statue.

The three seasons of a limestone lady

Summer: 9 tons of limestone in a quarry. Fall: hammer, chisel, air gun. Winter: 7 tons of woman on the campus

PHOTO STORY BY RAY WEBBER

FOR FIVE MONTHS last year — from August until December — a steady stream of curious kibitzers—about thirty a day—passed through the backyard of E. B. Cox's home on Finch Avenue in Toronto's far north end. They came to see what Cox, a sculptor, was doing with a monumental nine-ton chunk of white magnesium limestone. The photographs on these four pages show what they saw.

Since the finished figure (now reduced by Cox's work to seven tons) was installed in front of the new Student Centre at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., it has attracted even more attention. Once, student pranksters clothed the lady in a scarlet brassiere, size 42. Another time Cox found baby-bottle nipples glued to her bosom. These incidents amuse rather than concern him. "I chose this particular kind of limestone because it's impervious to paint, lipstick or ink," he says. "The kids can't hurt her—unless they attack with a mallet and chisel."

In a few weeks Cox's limestone lady is to be moved from the north side of the Student Centre to the south side. There are several reasons: on the south side she'll be set off more prominently against a stand of spruce trees, and the sun will be on her all day long. But a third reason is that in her present loca-

tion she displays her ample profile to the McMaster divinity school. Some of the Baptist faculty consider her a distraction to the fledgling theologians. One professor has suggested that she be draped until she can be carted off to a safer distance.

McMaster commissioned Cox last June to produce a piece of sculpture for the new building, something to be "massive, powerful and yet serene." From then until August he looked for the right piece of stone and finally found it in Renfrew, Ont., where it is quarried as a magnesium ore. The stone and its shipping expenses to Toronto cost Cox \$1,000. In a monument yard a large right-angled cut was removed from one corner of the rock; this incision became the lady's buttocks.

Meanwhile, Cox had produced a model of the final figure and had obtained McMaster's go-ahead. When the stone arrived at his home he cartooned the model outline on all four faces of the rock. With a rented air compressor, hammer and chisels, he chipped away at the stone, working quickly at first but more slowly and carefully with finer chisels as the lady approached her final shape.

Of all the visitors who came to watch and ask silly questions, Cox preferred the children: "Usually, they'd just sit and watch me work." ★



AUGUST

Calipers outstretched, Cox (left) marks the surface for the first cuts in the limestone block that will become an enormous figure commissioned by McMaster University. This job was done in a Toronto suburb by a monument company. From there, the block was moved to Cox's yard north of Toronto.

AUGUST

In heavy crayon, Cox swiftly cartoons a rough outline of the figure on all four sides of the stone block (below). The limestone chunk he selected—it came from the Ottawa valley—weighed nine tons. At the top, where the stone had been exposed to the air for centuries, the surface was yellowed.

**SEPTEMBER**

With an air hammer, Cox drives into the limestone to shape the lady's head and shoulders. He often used the compressed-air equipment to rid himself of visitors—the noise quickly cut off all conversation. Standing on boxes, he pounds (top picture) at the statue's upperworks with a 12-pound sledge.

LIMESTONE LADY *continued*

OCTOBER

With an air chisel, Cox peels off layers of limestone from the huge block (right). At this stage the statue often presented a moth-eaten appearance. The surrounding ground was littered with chips; when children gathered to watch, he'd give them a few of the chips "to add to their rock collection."



OCTOBER

The chips pile beneath his feet as he works at the midsection with fine hand chisels (above). His day ran from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon, with frequent coffee breaks. At first he tackled the work too vigorously; after a week with an air hammer he couldn't raise his arm.

DECEMBER

For the move from his yard to the McMaster campus in Hamilton, Cox guards the head of the limestone lady with a tire. He was afraid the pulley and hook might strike it, but there was no trouble. The 40-mile trip cost him \$350. He followed far behind—"I couldn't stand seeing her take bumps."





JANUARY

Cox describes his statue to two McMaster students as "a dignified female figure, not fussy and not too real." However, some members of the faculty consider the work a distraction to the young theologians of the Baptist divinity school, and the limestone lady is moving to new campus quarters.

Adult smokers are hopeless addicts, doctors have decided. But why do more and more youngsters choose to run the smoker's terrifyingly high risk of disease and death? Can anything persuade them to leave cigarettes alone? Here are some surprising findings in



THE DEADLY MYSTERY OF TEENAGE SMOKING

By Franklin Russell

Photograph by John Sebert

A NEW APPROACH is being developed by doctors who regard cigarette smoking as a major menace to public health; its slogan: "Save the children." They have reluctantly concluded that the confirmed smoker is a hopeless, incorrigible addict, and therefore they must concentrate on the person not yet addicted, the adolescent who hasn't begun to smoke.

An English doctor, Hugh Paul, said recently: "I no longer advise adult patients to quit smoking. Apparently life without the burning weed seems purposeless to them, so let them have a short life and a merry one. But in heaven's name let them keep their children from smoking. Let the next

generation live." The reason for the medical authorities' pessimism about grownups is simple. It has been common knowledge for eight years that cigarette smoking is a leading cause of lung cancer, which in turn is a rapidly increasing disease, almost invariably fatal. During those eight years, far from diminishing, cigarette consumption in the Western world has gone up steadily.

This was not true at the beginning. It was in 1953 that Dr. Ernest Wynder of New York published the results of a long and careful survey of the connection between smoking and lung cancer, and his report had immediate impact. Cigarette sales in the U.S.

dropped by 60 million a day. For the first year after the Wynder report, cigarette consumption was five percent lower than in the previous twelve months. But this effect was temporary. Since 1954, cigarette sales in Canada have risen from 22 billion to 33.8 billion, an increase of more than 50 percent. The population has grown only 17 percent.

It's true that during this same period, the smoking public has turned more and more to filter-tipped cigarettes. Filter-tips in 1954 got less than two percent of the North American market, whereas now they make up more than 52 percent of all cigarettes sold. However, the filters themselves

In our high schools, one boy in two, one girl in three, are smokers. New studies are finding how they differ from those who don't smoke.

Smokers imitate their parents.

When both parents smoke, smoking incidence is twice as high among boys, three times as high among girls.

The distant future is meaningless to them.

One boy, warned of the probability of cancer, said: "I don't care what happens to me when I'm forty."

They'll smoke whether it's forbidden or not.

In one study, smoking increased when parents outlawed it. But many schools have given up fighting it and have installed smoking rooms for students.

are not much good. In the early days of the lung-cancer scare, one cigarette company brought out a filter that really did take out most of the tar, nicotine and other substances suspected of causing lung cancer. Unhappily, these filters also took out most of the flavor, and smokers didn't like the result. They prefer filters that leave the smoke as it was before — or, in some brands, filters that take *some* of the tar out of smoke from a *tarrier* tobacco.

Tobacco companies and some doctors maintain that, filters or no filters, the relation between smoking and lung cancer has not been conclusively proved. In a sense, of course, this is true;

as anyone who has ever taken sophomore philosophy knows, it's impossible to prove absolutely that the visible world exists at all. But many a murderer has been hanged on evidence far more open to reasonable doubt than the evidence against cigarettes.

Surveys in the United States, Britain and Canada, covering hundreds of thousands of patients through periods of years, have shown that among those who die of lung cancer, smokers outnumber non-smokers by up to twenty to one, sometimes more. One British study found twenty-three heavy smokers for every non-smoker in a sample of lung-cancer deaths; smokers were also more numerous by seventy-

three percent among deaths from other respiratory ailments, and by forty percent among victims of coronary thrombosis.

Some doctors even regret the heavy emphasis on lung cancer; they say it causes a lot of irrelevant argument about diagnosis, competing causes and so on. The main line of evidence, they contend, is simply that smoking is lethally harmful. One American report on 187,783 men, controlled samples of smokers and non-smokers in comparable age groups, found a death rate *from all causes* sixty-eight percent higher among the smokers.

Toward other threats to public health, real or imaginary, the reaction

has been vigorous. In 1959 it was reported that some cranberries in one section of the Pacific Northwest had been sprayed with an insecticide that might have caused cancer in laboratory mice in one experiment. The resultant boycott nearly bankrupted the industry. In vain did Vice-President Richard Nixon eat cranberry sauce on TV. In vain the manufacturers and doctors pointed out that at worst, in order to suffer harm from this drug, a person would have to eat fifteen hundred pounds of cranberry sauce. The housewife paid no attention — she was taking no chances of feeding her family cancer. But she went right on buying cigarettes.

On the confirmed nicotine addict, the effect of a cloud of witnesses against cigarette smoking has been demonstrably nil (although a quarter of the doctors who smoked in the U.S., according to a recent estimate, have given it up since 1953). The average smoker simply ignores all this "scare talk." Hence the doctors' rueful conclusion that to argue with the addict is a waste of time, and their decision to concentrate on the young non-smoker to keep him from starting.

The question is, how? Why do boys and girls take up cigarettes, anyway? And if that can be discovered, then what should be done about it? Dr. John Godden and Dr. Horace Beach, both physicians on the staff of Dalhousie University, in Halifax, are circulating questionnaires among students, teachers, clergymen and others who work with the young to try to find answers to these and similar questions. Surveys of the same kind have also been conducted in Winnipeg and in various cities of the United States. Municipal and other campaigns in Britain have been reported from time to time in *The Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*. Findings have not been fully tabulated yet, but a few tentative conclusions have been drawn.

The most important single factor in determining whether or not a young person will smoke is the example of the parents. On this all authorities seem agreed. The Winnipeg study found that the incidence of teenage smoking was twice as high among boys, three times as high among girls, when both the parents smoked.

This would seem to indicate that for most adolescents, smoking is not so much a gesture of rebellion as a gesture of conformity. Young people take up cigarettes not to defy their parents but to imitate them. But a study in Portland, Oregon, showed that mere prohibition by parents is not enough — indeed, among one sample of girls, it was found that the incidence of smoking actually became higher when the parents forbade it.

The apparent contradiction here, in Dr. Godden's opinion, arises from the fact that the child's whole environment conspires to make smoking look manly and mature, adventurous as well as pleasurable. The condemned man in the television thriller waves aside the blindfold, takes a cigarette instead as he faces the firing squad. The happy new father passes a box of cigars. Dr. Maurice J. Barry, a psychiatrist at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, discovered in psychological tests that a cigarette to many young people is a symbol of power, of virility and manhood. The harsh parent who forbids smoking is identified with the killjoy who thinks fun is a sin.

To complicate matters further, there is a breakdown in the relation between home and CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



THE CHEERFUL CHILDREN OF RED CHINA'S COMMUNES

A Canadian psychiatrist discovers in Chinese factories and farms that Communist methods, far from shattering family life, may even have strengthened it

BY DR. DENIS LAZURE AS TOLD TO SIDNEY KATZ

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED the most interesting experience of my life—a five-week visit to China. As a child psychiatrist, practising in Montreal, I went to China seeking the answers to a number of questions in my own field. I wanted to know how the Chinese were bringing up their children. Had communal living disrupted family life? What was the mental make-up of the new generation? What were the aspirations, problems, conflicts of Chinese youngsters? How did they get along with their parents? How did they feel about drinking, smoking, dating and sex? What was the new society doing to them—and for them?

I traveled from Changchun, in the north, to tropical Canton. I toured nurseries, schools, and children's "cultural palaces," hospitals and institutions, agricultural communes. I spoke to doctors, teachers, psychologists, parents and youngsters. I even had the rare opportunity of conducting psychological tests and psychiatric interviews with Chinese boys and girls, ranging in age from six to sixteen.

I can't pretend to have become thoroughly acquainted with Chinese family life. I can't speak a word of Chinese and the interviews had to be conducted through an interpreter, a loyal functionary provided by the government. It could be assumed that both adults and youngsters would say what they were expected to say. But even these guarded answers gave me a meaningful glimpse of the Chinese revolution.

I was particularly interested in observing the effects of communal living, a way of life that now involves some eighty percent of all Chinese families. The mother—who has been "liberated from household chores"—delivers her child to a crèche or nursery in the morning and picks him up at night. In the larger towns, members of the family eat all meals in communal dining rooms; sewing, washing, ironing and other household chores are performed by communal service stores. Most Western writers have concluded that this shift in responsibility has disrupted family life to an alarming degree. From my own observations, I don't share this alarm. The old-style patriarchal home is certainly being replaced, especially in the cities, but I don't think the new kind of Chinese home has appreciably weakened family ties.

In truth, the Chinese Communists are solicitous of their children. From the moment the woman announces her pregnancy, she is entitled to special treatment. She's transferred to a less strenuous job, if necessary; she's allowed several rest periods during the day, and a special diet is available to her in the dining room. When the child is born, she's off work for eight weeks, with full pay. She returns to her job when the baby is three months old. The child is placed in a crèche, usually at her place of work. I visited one factory crèche which, like others, had a feeding room. This was a gaily decorated area with soft background music, where the mother came every four hours to breast-feed her infant. At night, when work is done, the mother eats her own meal in the dining room and takes her child home. She arrives there at the same time as her husband and children, who have already been fed. Thus she is free to spend her time with her family.

I was impressed by the relaxed, happy relation-

ship of parents and children in the evenings. Unlike us, the parents seem to take their children everywhere. In the country, the children played or rested nearby as the parents gossiped with relatives and neighbors. In the city, they went together to beautiful public parks that provide outdoor plays, movies, operas, concerts, acrobatics, puppet shows and art exhibits. It seemed to me that these relaxing hours made up, to a large extent, for the lack of contact with the mother during the day.

I couldn't help thinking that the day-to-day routine of the Chinese family has much to commend it, compared to that of the family of a Canadian working mother. A high proportion of the Canadian mother's earnings are eaten up by the cost of baby-sitters or nurseries. As soon as she comes in the front door, she has to start preparing a meal; then she busies herself with a multitude of household duties. Unless the Canadian working mother enjoys a high income—which is rare—she's too exhausted to share many pleasant experiences with her children. And I certainly think that the child in China sees more of father than his Canadian counterpart.

In some respects, there is greater warmth in Chinese child-parent relationships than there is in Canada. Physical contact between parents and children is encouraged. Carriages or strollers are seldom used, for economic reasons, in part. The child is usually held in the mother's arms, or, if older, carried on her back, papoose style. Unlike many parents in this country, the Chinese don't make a big issue over toilet training. By the time the child is able to walk he wears pants, split in the back, which automatically open when he squats down. Yet one rarely sees excrement in the streets, partly because the child learns quickly "where to go" and also because street-sweepers—usually older women—are always on the job. By the time the child is three and enters nursery school, he has trained himself.

Chinese children get the best of the available food. Most peasants eat meat only a dozen times a year, but the children have meat almost daily, along with milk, rice and vegetables. I have yet to see a Chinese youngster who didn't lick his plate clean. This is in contrast to our country, where about twenty percent of children between two and four years of age present feeding difficulties.

The characteristic Chinese solicitude toward children was also in evidence in a children's hospital in Peking. If a young child is seriously ill, the mother lives at the hospital with him until the crisis is over. When she's not actually at the child's bedside, she's around the hospital helping the nurses.

There are no child psychiatrists in China. "There are too few serious problems with children to warrant this medical specialty," one Chinese doctor told me. I studied groups of youngsters in school, in parks and in the streets and they didn't appear to be tense or regimented. They spontaneously flocked around me when I stopped to talk to them and their teachers. They would recite greetings, sing or dance—obviously pleased to find an audience. Westerners often complain about the monotony of Chinese clothing, a blue uniform that makes people look like blue ants, but seldom do they mention the colorful and varied children's

clothes. Little children of both sexes usually wear aprons of different shapes and colors, over the plaid or print smocks they wear outside their slacks. The girls' pigtails are decorated with colored bows. For all children, great value is attached to keeping neat and clean. But even the Chinese have not solved the problem of running noses.

One day I unexpectedly showed up at the nursery of the Flower Mountain People's rural commune near Canton. At four in the afternoon, I found all of the sixty-three children still napping, lying three abreast on wide cots. The teacher, Miss Tau, was twenty-two. She was relaxed and friendly and answered all my questions. She explained that the children needed long naps after lunch because they are brought to the nursery by their mothers at 6:30 a.m. She felt that her most difficult problem was coping with youngsters who are slow to learn. I discovered that the Chinese have no special classes for mentally retarded children. They naively assume that their ordinary classroom teachers are so good and so patient that they can cope with all problems. The program at the Flower Mountain nursery was similar to that in our own nurseries, although more stress was placed on collective activities and less on the fostering of individual abilities. Again the tales the children hear have a point to make. One story is about a girl who gets into all kinds of difficulty because she is lazy. She finally learns that the only way to achieve a happy life is to work hard.

Like many other Chinese teachers and parents, Miss Tau told me that she strongly disapproved of corporal punishment. I recall a conversation with the mother of three children. "Spanking generates fear and hatred in a child," she said. "When one of my children is naughty, I keep him in the house until he understands why he is being punished. It doesn't take long."

During my whole stay in China, I saw only one public display of misbehavior on the part of children. Two schoolboys got into a street fight. They were promptly separated by their companions. The institution for juvenile delinquents in Peking, a city of three million people, has only two hundred occupants. Principal Wan, a smiling, dumpy woman in her forties, explained that they were there because of loose habits, petty theft, destructive behavior and an unwillingness to study. At the school for delinquents (as in all schools in China) two hours a week are spent on National Defense Sport—which includes instruction in military science and field manoeuvres, making model guns, radio transmitters, receivers and rockets, and so on. The youngsters are taught to hate China's potential enemies—a type of training suited to the youngsters' aggressive tendencies.

However, it's the education of the normal child, not the delinquent, that mainly concerns Chinese leaders. During the first six years of his life, the Chinese child appears to be spoiled and carefree. Then, at seven, when he enters primary school, his life changes abruptly. He is expected to settle down to serious studying as well as performing physical labor outside the classroom. I believe that the change is so great that it causes considerable anxiety to many children. The fear of academic failure is great. Without high marks, he's apt to feel like an outcast. CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



Young China is industrious; in this carpet factory, girls swarm over a rug.



This teenager in the same factory is earnest, like most others of her age.



The very young are inquisitive, lively and demonstrative. Here they line a village street to cheer Dr. Lazare and other members of the Canadian party.



Tony Frank of Montreal was the nearest thing Canada has had to an Al Capone. He boxed prostitution and narcotics, and extorted protection from gunmen.

THE LATE TONY FRANK'S "PERFECT" ALIBI

When the bank messenger was slain in Montreal's Bank of Hochelaga holdup, Tony Frank was strutting around City Hall. But Frank and three more hoodlums—including an ex-cop—were hanged. Here is how and why a jury decided that Frank was an absentee killer.

A Maclean's Flashback by Leslie Roberts

AT DAWN ON OCTOBER 24, 1924, four men were hanged by the neck in Bordeaux Jail on the outskirts of Montreal. Their crime was the shooting, six months earlier, of a 24-year-old bank chauffeur named Henri Cleroux. One of their confederates, Harry Stone, had already paid the price for his part in the affair. He was cut down—probably by a police bullet but possibly by a shot from one of his fellow bandits—during the wild shooting affray that followed the murder.

This was the great Bank of Hochelaga robbery, which even now, nearly four decades later, is a byword in Montreal. The reason: Of the four who died on the scaffold, one was Tony Frank, then the reigning monarch of Montreal's underworld. His chief lieutenant, Frank Gambino, was another. The others were Giuseppe Serafini and Louis Morel.

While the holdup and killings were taking place in an underpass on Ontario Street in the East End, Tony Frank had been plainly and purposely visible in the corridors of the courthouse. Gambino had an equally airtight alibi. Nevertheless they went to the gallows. Though men have seldom been hanged for killings at which they were not even present, the Criminal Code says clearly that all parties to the offense are as guilty as the man who fires the murder gun.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



The arrest of Frank and his henchmen startled the city; in all, nine faced trial. Ciro Nieri (below) turned informer. He was found brutally murdered.

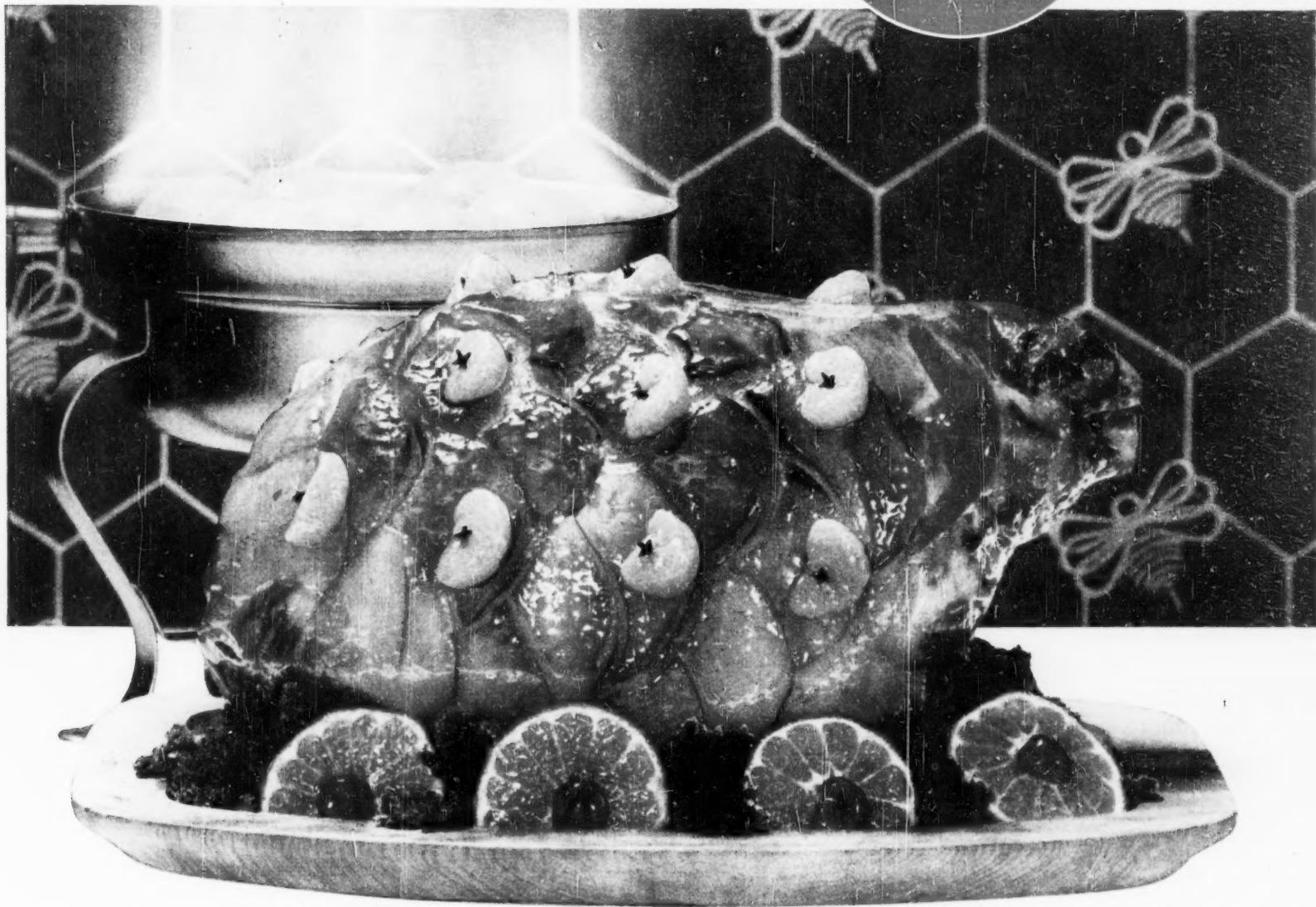




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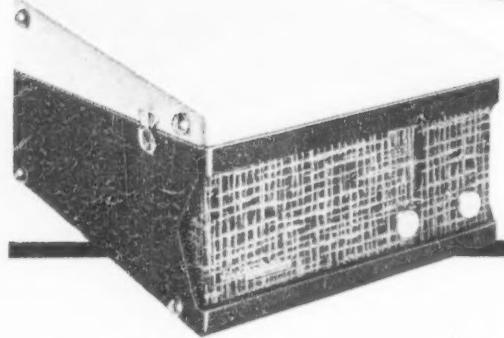
TERRIFIC VALUES IN SOUND

Who but Electrohome could pack so much in a portable? Excellent sound. Hand-wired chassis. Smart cabinets, too. Dollar for dollar, Electrohome portables give you better value. Of course they do. They're designed and engineered by the people who build our full-size console models. Take your favourite record — and go hear them at your Electrohome dealer's today.

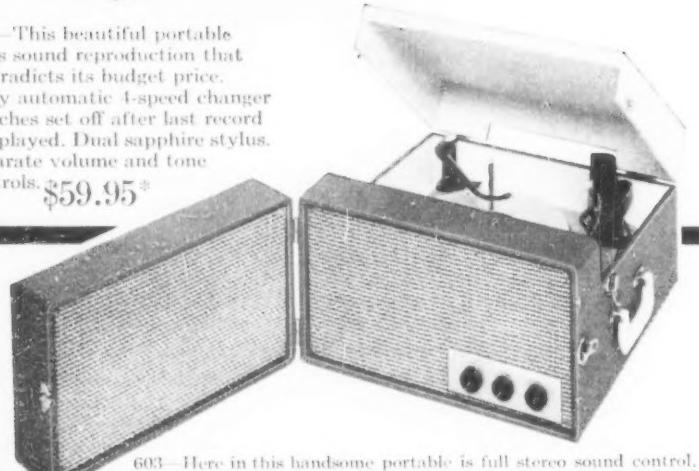
4M16—Ideal for the young record fan, church, school or social group, 4-speed manual record player with retractable 45 r.p.m. adaptor. Separate volume and tone controls. Front mounted speaker for top-rated sound reproduction. \$29.95*



*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE



601—This beautiful portable gives sound reproduction that contradicts its budget price. Fully automatic 4-speed changer switches set off after last record has played. Dual sapphire stylus. Separate volume and tone controls. \$59.95*



603—Here in this handsome portable is full stereo sound control. The lift-off front contains a second speaker, and can be placed away from master unit for full stereo reproduction and closes up for complete speaker protection. Automatic 4-speed. Three \$89.95* front controls—Tone, and separate volume controls.

3921R

ELECTROHOME
VALUE •
MADE BY CANADA'S OWN ELECTROHOME,
KITCHENER, ONTARIO



The cheerful children of Red China

Continued from page 26

The Communists stress manual labor for students to rid them of the old idea that it's demeaning

because he can't wear the red kerchief of the Communist organization, the Young Pioneers. Furthermore, he won't be able to take the qualifying exams to enter his chosen occupation.

The student is also rated on his physical labor. The emphasis on hard manual work is an attempt by the state to break the traditional Asian view that working with one's hands is unworthy of an educated person. "Education must be combined with physical labor," explained Lu Ting-yi, a government propagandist. "It is a glorious thing to participate in organized work." Diligent workers are singled out for mention in the press and on radio, TV and public notice boards. In a number of Children's Palaces, I was to hear eight-year-olds raise their voices in a popular song that goes, "Let's sing to our work heroes . . . our models for tomorrow." In the lower grades, organized work consists of spending several hours a week killing flies, sparrows or rats or weeding gardens. The jobs assigned become more difficult as the student grows older. I noticed that the chemistry and physics classes in Shanghai Teachers' College were using homemade equipment. Dr. Jen Kuo-stang, the vice-dean, explained to me, "We make most of the things we use. Take the microscopes, for example. We imported a couple from Germany and then used them as models to build our own."

My psychological tests and interviews clearly indicate that academic success coupled with the deep fear of failure is a major preoccupation — both consciously and unconsciously — of Chinese youngsters. In politics, they think "correctly." Advancing the interests of the Motherland is more important to them, they say, than their personal interests or relationships. They express a deep hatred of "imperialism." They believe that Chairman Mao Tse-tung is responsible for everything they now enjoy or may enjoy in the future. Here are some of the comments I heard:

A sixteen-year-old boy, who wanted to become a teacher, told me that the worst dream he'd ever had was the one about sleeping late and missing class. "I felt very sad about it. After that dream, I played less, went to bed earlier and studied better." A thirteen-year-old girl told me, "I dream of being a teacher and I'm so good at my work that many of my pupils become outstanding doctors, engineers and scientists." Another girl, asked for the best comment that could be made about a Chinese child, said, "She is doing her best for China." The important incidents in their lives were usually related to the national effort. One child said, "I remember when the party asked us to cultivate a garden. I did so and raised an outstanding crop of vegetables." Another said, "My parents took me to the National Day parade. I remember how proud I was watching the troops and making up my mind that I wanted to be a soldier." A sixteen-year-old boy spoke of the urgent need for more food. "I want to become a farmer and work hard at it. I would sacrifice my life for my country." When I asked a

group of Young Pioneers what was the worst deed they could perform, they told me they found my question strange. "A Pioneer is unable to do a bad deed," they said. By way of explaining how important Mao was to them, one group of children sang me a song. "My little brother is smiling in his sleep. What is he dreaming of? Chairman Mao!"

Another song revealed their antagonism to imperialism. Their fists were clenched as they trumpeted, "Imperialists of the world! If you attack us, you'll be

PARADE

Why take chances?

There's an early-bird lawyer in Victoria who has his breakfast downtown in the same diner every morning. Another regular of the establishment reports that the lawyer is evidently a creature of both caution and habit, for



his breakfast ritual never varies. He always asks for his coffee immediately, and while awaiting the rest of his order he carefully dips his knife, fork and spoon in the coffee and dries them on a cloth produced from his pocket. Then he eats his breakfast with gusto, and polishes it off with his coffee.

slain by a mortal blow." It was written by a ten-year-old boy. In a picture test, I showed them a sketch of a person on a floor, his head buried in his arms, which are resting on something that resembles a couch. An object that looks vaguely like a gun is on the floor. A fourteen-year-old girl interpreted the picture this way: "He's been shot by the enemy or maybe he committed suicide. This man hoped for freedom and wanted a happy life but he can't have it because capitalists and reactionaries don't want him to be free. This picture is from a capitalistic country; it would be impossible in a socialist country." Another picture showed two women; one of them was resting her head on a stair rail. "It's a mother and daughter," explained one boy. "She's sad because the daughter, a worker, is being exploited by capitalists. She's been beaten by her boss. She's so tired she can't climb the stairs. Her mother is comforting her."

Throughout the picture tests, it soon became obvious that all the threatening figures were capitalists or imperialists. Obviously, the party had done its job well.

I believe that the Chinese leaders and
Continued on page 38



has this young man called on you?

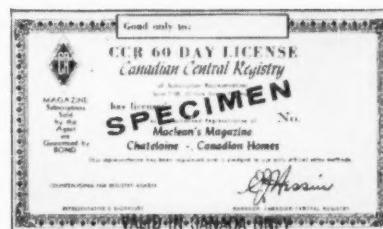
. . . If he has, it is quite possible that he lives in your community. If not in your community very probably in your province and, most certainly, he is a Canadian. You will have found him courteous and intelligent—indeed in every way a very presentable young man.

And we are mighty proud of him too! And we are proud of his associates—all of them Circulation Representatives of Maclean-Hunter.

They have been carefully selected and trained to render Canadians everywhere the best service possible

with reference to their subscriptions to Canadian Homes, Chatelaine and Maclean's Magazine.

He, too, is proud, not only of the fine Canadian magazines which he represents but also because he is registered as a certified representative by Canadian Central Registry of Subscription Representatives. He will be eager to show you his Canadian Central Registry 60 Day License, shown here, which has come to be recognized as the hallmark of integrity wherever magazines are sold in Canada. Be sure to ask to see it before you buy!



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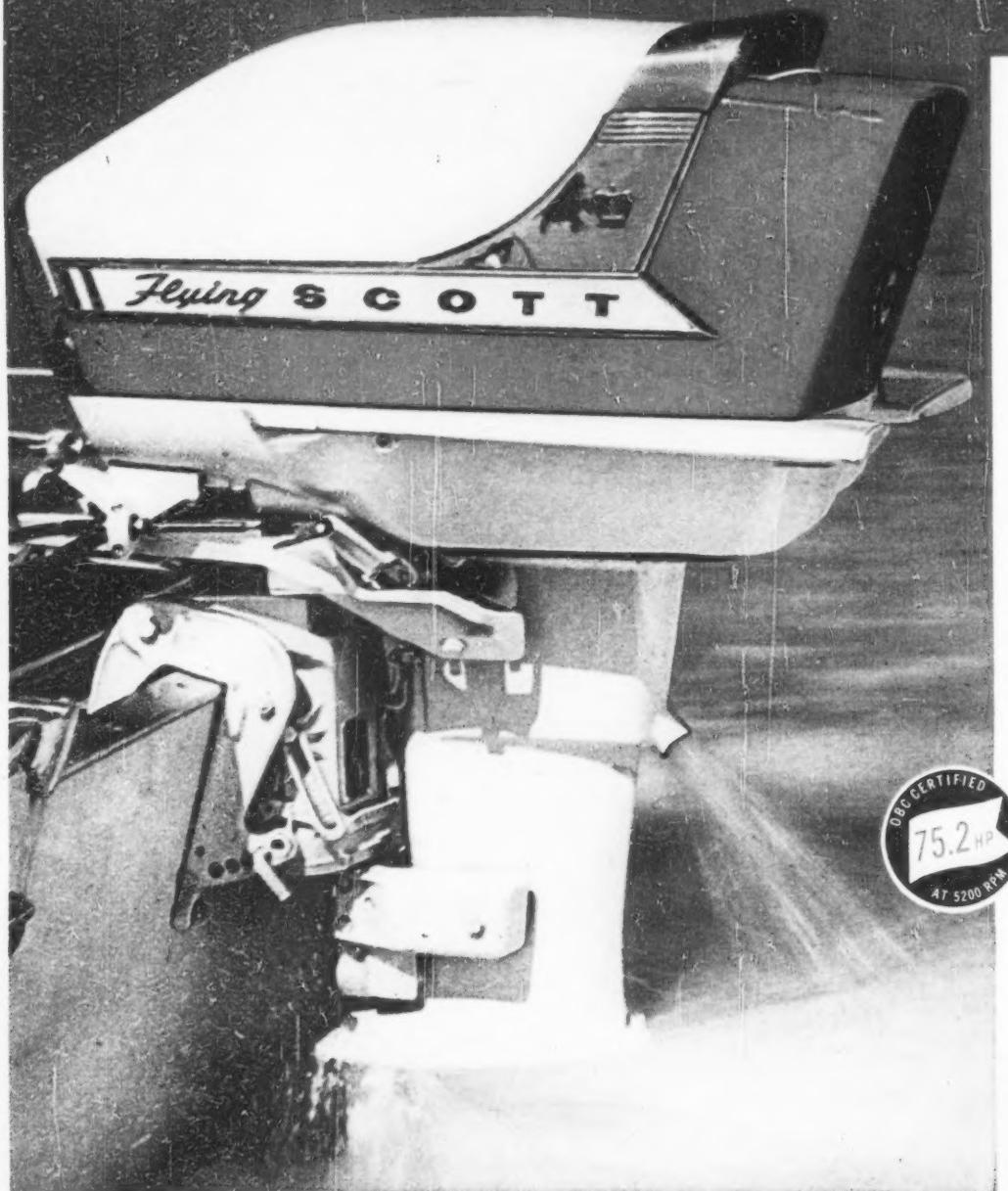


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SCOTT'S GOT IT FOR '61



The revolutionary *Fishing* SCOTT 7.5 HP The real compact...with BIG MOTOR features.

Here's the amazing Fishing Scott designed by fishermen for fishermen.

A tiny mite, it's dynamite! Weighs under 40 lbs., is only 30" high. Here's a motor that's almost half the weight—half the size of any other comparable horsepower motor available. Light and compact, the Fishing Scott is the truly portable outboard that will tuck away in the corner of the smallest trunk. Delivering 7.5 HP., the Fishing Scott has more horsepower per pound than many motors twice the size.

It's a fisherman's dream motor. The Fishing Scott barely peeks over the transom and stays out of the way of trolling lines. It's the greatest fishing motor ever made with all these big-motor features:

- Exclusive Scott Bail-A-Matic...keeps boat dry in any weather.
- Full neutral gearshift...up front for fingertip ease.
- 100% weedless operation—the only completely weedless motor ever made.
- Twist-grip throttle.
- Remote, non-pressurized fuel tank—with quick disconnect for refueling ease.
- Light—Compact—Quiet.

For record breaking performance! Durability! Size! Weight! and Economy!

the
Flying
SCOTT'S GOT IT

McCulloch advanced engineering makes the Flying Scott number one in top end performance and deep end dependability. The large-bore, short stroke design gives the Flying Scott breathtaking performance with sports car getaway, speed in the straightaway, economy all the way!

Only Scott has a fixed-jet carburetor for each cylinder which gives you up to 33% fuel savings...now an additional 15 horsepower with no increase in fuel consumption or weight.

The Flying Scott is all muscle! You get more power per pound in the new Flying Scott than any other outboard in history! And for record-breaking durability...the Flying Scott is designed to give you trouble-free performance...it's built to last!

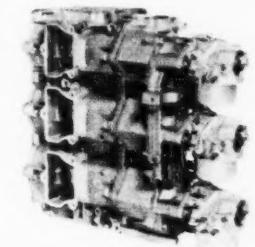
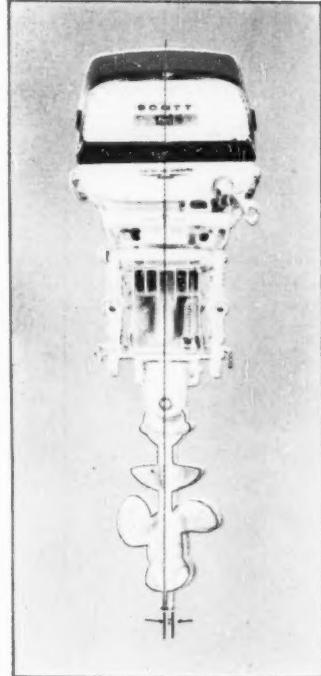
Look at these other Scott features:

- Exclusive Scott Bail-A-Matic...bails up to 300 gallons per hour.
- Built-in alternator-generator...at no extra cost.
- Scott's exclusive Aqua-blade offset lower unit...counteracts torque for easy steering.
- Choice of propeller...for top performance.
- New Thermostatically controlled cooling system—for peak engine efficiency and smoother idling.
- Positive tilt and reverse locks for safe operation.
- Choice of red or white sound deadening fibreglass hood.



FEATURES OF THE FUTURE ON YOUR SCOTT OF TODAY

These advanced features mean convenient, troublefree
boating pleasure now and for years to come

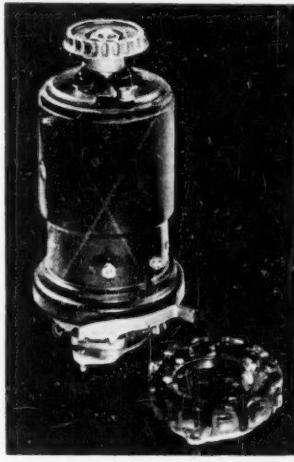


CARBURETOR FOR EACH CYLINDER

Fixed-Jet carburetors give better fuel distribution, and fuel savings up to 33% at cruising speeds. Three carburetors on Flying Scott, twin carbs on Royal Scott.

AQUA-BLADE OFFSET LOWER UNIT

Steering is finger-tip light, sensitive, effortless, because the lower unit is offset 2' from vertical effectively counteracting torque at all speeds. Underwater drag is minimized.



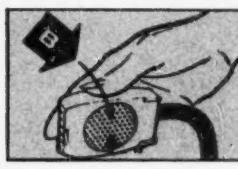
BUILT-IN GENERATOR INCLUDED

All electric starting Scotts are equipped with a flywheel-type, built-in alternator generator—no extra charge. Sixteen pounds lighter than conventional types. Your battery is always fresh and lasts much longer.

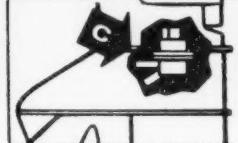


BAIL-A-MATIC POWER BAILING

Exclusive with Scott, Bail-A-Matic keeps your boat dry automatically, in any weather. (A) Attaches quickly to motor; intake unit (B) draws water from bottom of boat, discharges it outside. Separate underwater pump (C) operates whenever motor is running, bails up to 300 gallons per hour.



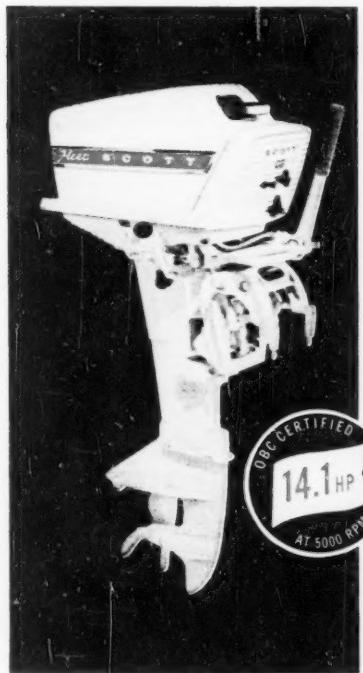
Standard equipment
on all Scotts
from 7.5 hp. and up.



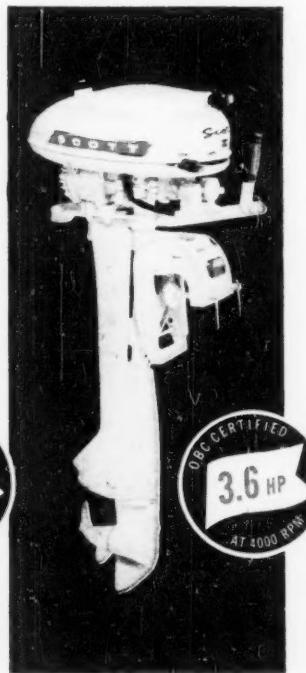
Single lever remote control combines full gearshift and throttle for easy manoeuvring, leaves one hand free for safe steering.

YOUR PERSONAL GUARANTEE OF EXCELLENCE

Because each Scott is designed by McCulloch creative engineers, built to exacting specifications and inspected countless times through component parts, assembly and performance testing stages, you receive a *three-way* Scott Service Warranty!



FLEET SCOTT



SCOTTY

All hustle and muscle, the Fleet Scott is engineered for rugged hard work . . . built to last. It's fast . . . speeds up to 28 mph . . . packing more horsepower per pound and cubic inch than any motor in its class!

- Exclusive Scott Bail-A-Matic
- Twist grip throttle
- Aqua-blade lower unit
- Full neutral gearshift
- Big Motor anti-friction bearings

Peppy, pint-size Scotty has gallon-size economy!

It's low in cost and a miser on gas. Scotty is the perfect economy motor, ideal for fishing, children, as an auxiliary motor and countless other uses too. Its durable, rugged construction and simple design lowers maintenance costs and extends life.

SERVICE POLICY—In addition to our standard warranty policy, McCulloch of Canada's 1,100 Scott dealers pledge to give you, their customer, complete ten point pre-delivery operating instructions. Furthermore, after 10 hours of use, you are entitled to a free 12-point performance inspection, available at any Scott service dealer.



WARRANTY

New Scott outboards are warranted against defects in workmanship or materials for 90 days after initial use, or 1 year from purchase date whichever occurs first.

AWAY FROM HOME SERVICE

If your Scott needs service during the warranty period, take it to any Scott dealer in Canada. He will replace parts free and there is no charge for labor.

Leadership through creative engineering

McCULLOCH OF CANADA LTD.

25 McCulloch Ave., Rexdale P.O., Toronto, Canada
Manufacturers of McCulloch Chain Saws and Scott Outboard Motors
Branches Across Canada. Manufacturing Plants: Toronto-Minneapolis-Los Angeles

Built by World's Largest Manufacturer of Chain Saws



*See all the new Scott Outboards and Scott Combinations
at your nearby Scott dealer.*



CUSTOM DESIGNED

COMBINATIONS

GUARANTEED PERFORMANCE

ONLY SCOTT BRINGS YOU DESIGNED AND ENGINEERED

Dangerous guesswork in selecting the proper motor, boat and trailer has now been eliminated. By calculating important factors such as weight, thrust and hydrodynamics, Scott Creative Engineers have designed perfectly matched Scott-powered Combinations to give you the ultimate in style, performance and dependability.



Royal SCOTT COMBINATION

Magnificent Royal Scott Motor
15' Royal Scott Fibreglass Boat
Tilt-Launch Scott Trailer

Here is a truly Royal combination, matched in beauty, size, and performance. The nickel-nursing, large-bore, short-stroke Royal Scott motor with full-throated, pre-set, dual carburetors, thrusts potent power to the prop, savours the gas, getting the most from every drop.

The Royal Scott Boat is a 15' gleaming white fiberglass beauty with a racy red striped deck and deluxe fittings. Designed for safety . . . it cannot sink. The floor is perfectly flat and skid-proofed. Ultra-comfortable foam rubber seats are covered in red and white vinyl.

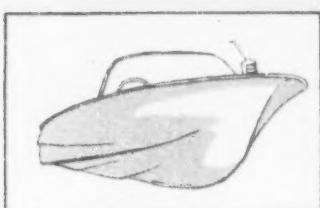
The strong, steel "A" frame Scott trailer is designed to carry the boat and motor as a perfectly balanced load. Detachable wheels are fitted with tapered roller bearings and high-speed tires. Comes complete with tie down chains, winch, license bracket and tail light.

Find out how easy it is to become the proud owner of this, the finest boating combination on any lake!

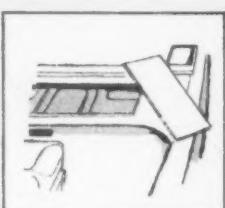


ROYAL SCOTT OUTBOARD MOTOR

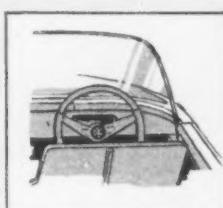
Powers the Royal Scott boat at speeds over 30 mph. Aqua-blade lower unit cuts water drag, boosts speed and efficiency. Choice of propellers. 3 models . . . Royal Manual, Electric & Custom Royal. Built-in Alternator-generator on Electric models.



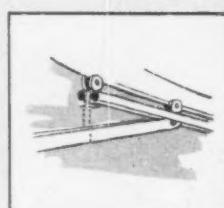
Unique hull design, proved in rough, off-shore running, gives a soft, dry ride. Cutter bow smoothes out the choppiest water.



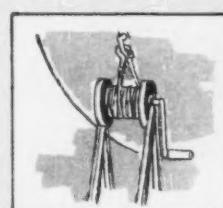
Convenient rear deck gas tank hatch and self-draining motor well. Built-in trays for gas tanks and battery. All hardware for remote controls included.



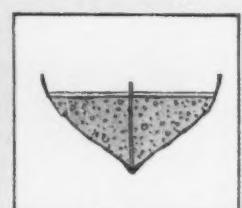
58° arc windshield, on raised ramp provides positive protection. Steering wheel fully mounted. Instrumented dash. Built-in dash trays for convenience.



Royal Scott heavy-duty trailer with unique tilt-bar feature makes launching and loading child's play.

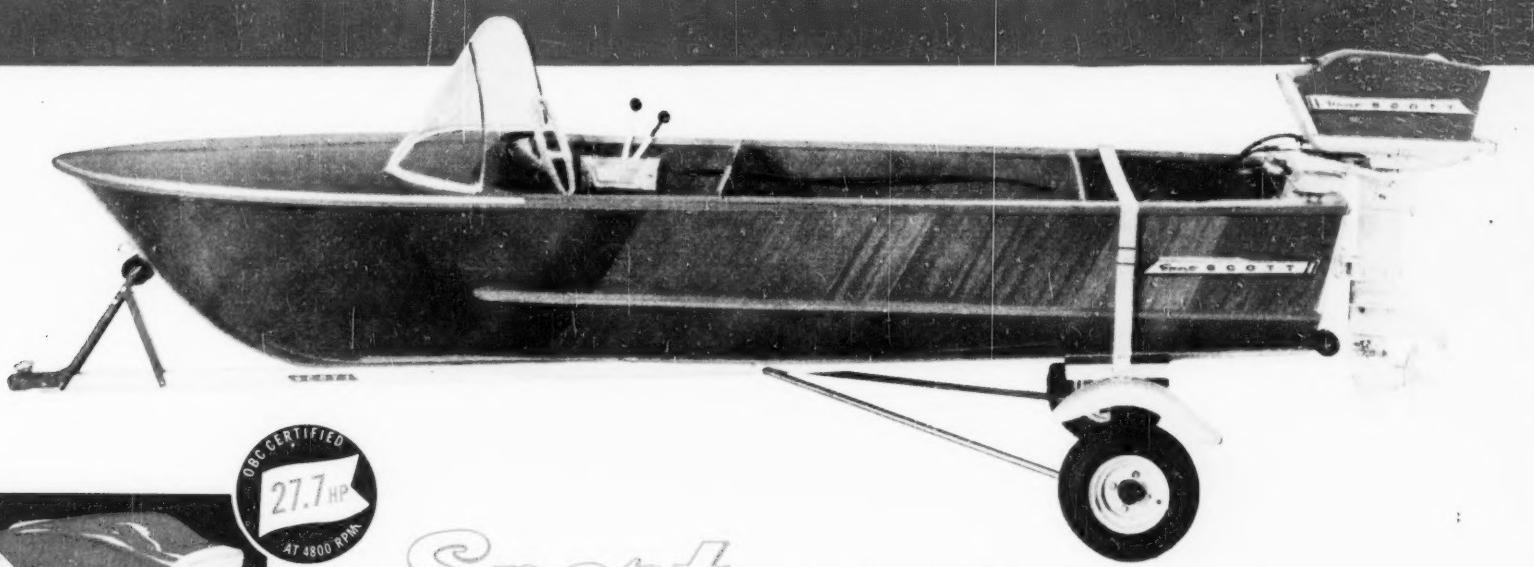


1000-lb. capacity winch with safety locking device is included at no extra cost.



Unsinkable—filled with water, the Royal Scott Boat will not sink. Permanent floatation material is an integral part of construction.

YOU MOTOR, BOAT & TRAILER DEEDED FOR EACH OTHER

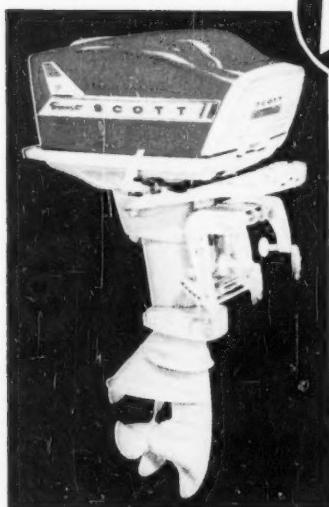


Sport SCOTT COMBINATION

Sparkling Sport Scott Motor 13' Moulded Mahogany Boat Matched Trailer
The All-Round Combination for All-Family Fun!

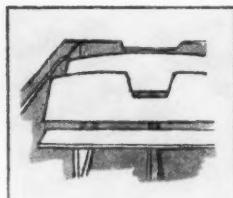
For cruising or skiing, the pace-setting, Sport Scott Combination is a budget-wise buy that's got everything. The 13-foot, 5-ply moulded mahogany boat is ready for fun complete with up-front steering, controls, 17" windshield and chrome hardware.

- Seats six in dry comfort • Bail-A-Matic puts water in its place
- Ready to go on the fully equipped matching trailer • The best value in outboating

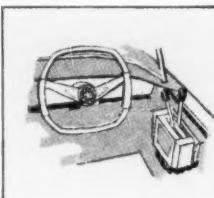


SPORT SCOTT OUTBOARD MOTOR

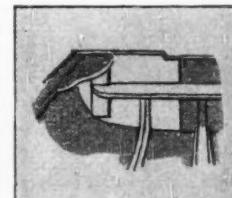
Developing 27.7 horsepower under a slim, low hood, the Sport Scott Outboard develops terrific thrust, immediately. Planing along at top speed or throttled down to 1 mph, the fixed-jet carburetor hoards fuel, smooths the idle and ends needle-valve fiddling. Available with manual or electric start.



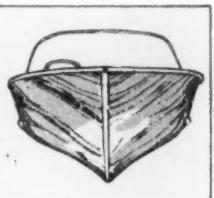
Two full width, front facing seats are mounted on keelsons for extra strength and rigidity . . . can't work loose and damage hull.



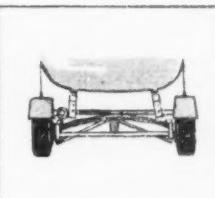
Steering wheel, throttle and gearshift, mounted up-front for finger-tip control.



5-ply moulded mahogany plywood hull with 2 oak keelsons, oak transom and 2 transom supports plus torsion bar . . . built to last.



The soft chine and cutter bow design give the softest, most stable ride of any moulded plywood boat on the market.



Carefully cradling the boat, the Sport Scott matching trailer features leaf spring with torsion bar suspension for excellent high-speed tracking.

Fishing

SCOTT COMBINATION

Compact Fishing Scott Motor

12' Aluminum Cartopper

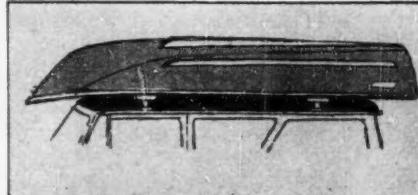
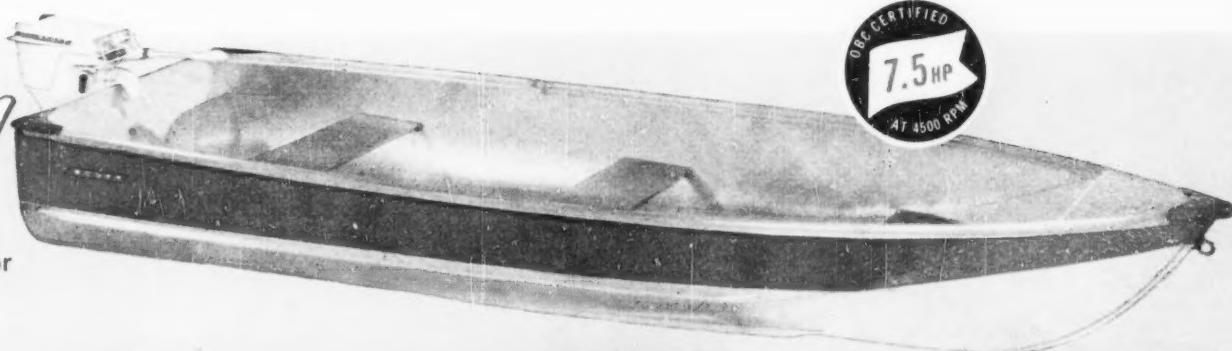
The perfect, portable

Fishing/Hunting

Combination

Move up to the NEW complete Fishing Scott Combination. The all-aluminum cartopper is extra wide, extra stable.

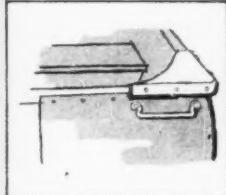
The built-in floatation, under bulkhead seats, and non-skid floor make it really safe. Seamless underwater construction riveted throughout051 aluminum for strength. The Fishing Scott Combination is truly the Perfect Fishing Partner.



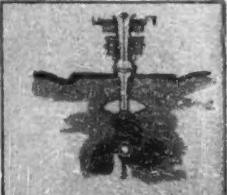
Light-weight, easy-to-handle, the Fishing Scott cartopper goes wherever your car goes. Fishing Scott outboard fits easily into any trunk with the rest of your fishing gear.



Three full width seats topped with $\frac{3}{8}$ " mahogany finished plywood make for comfortable fishing.



Bright red fiberglass reinforcing at corners for strength and protection. Bow and transom handles for easy portage.



100% weedless prop . . . slashes through weeds like a lawnmower—NO FOULING POSSIBLE.

OR
mph.
speed
...
built-in

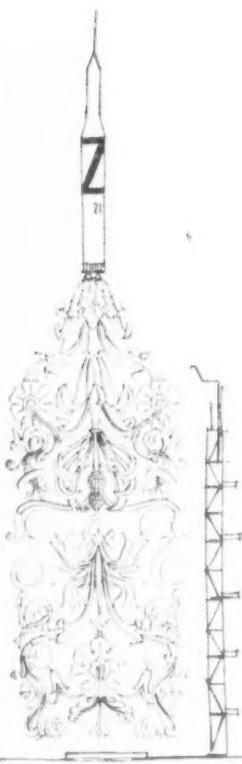
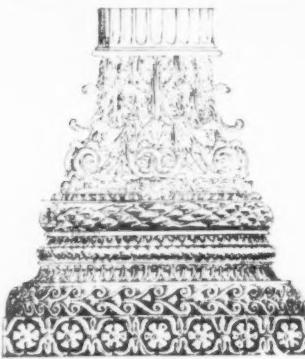
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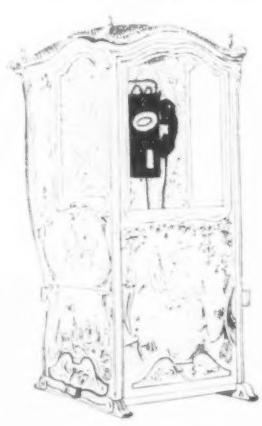
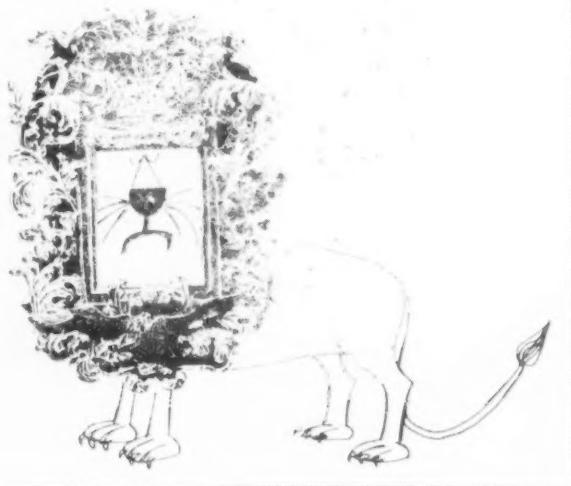
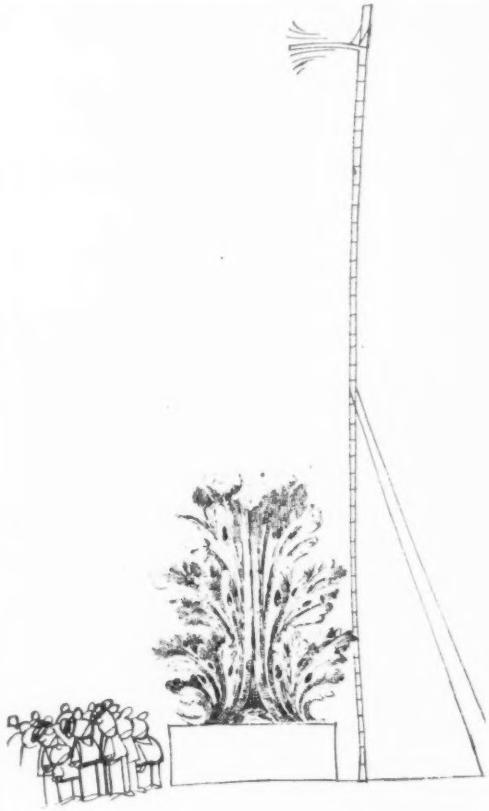
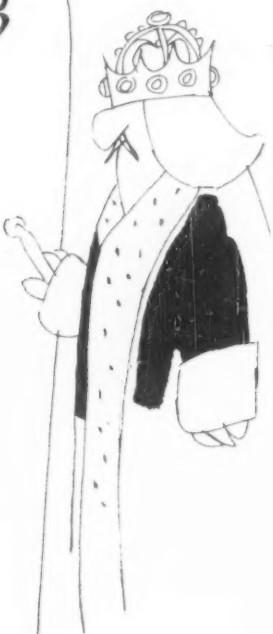
BEAUTY
PARLOR

Sweet and sour

Baroquetry: the science of using obsolete ornamentation in a new, useful way, by Dave Harbaugh



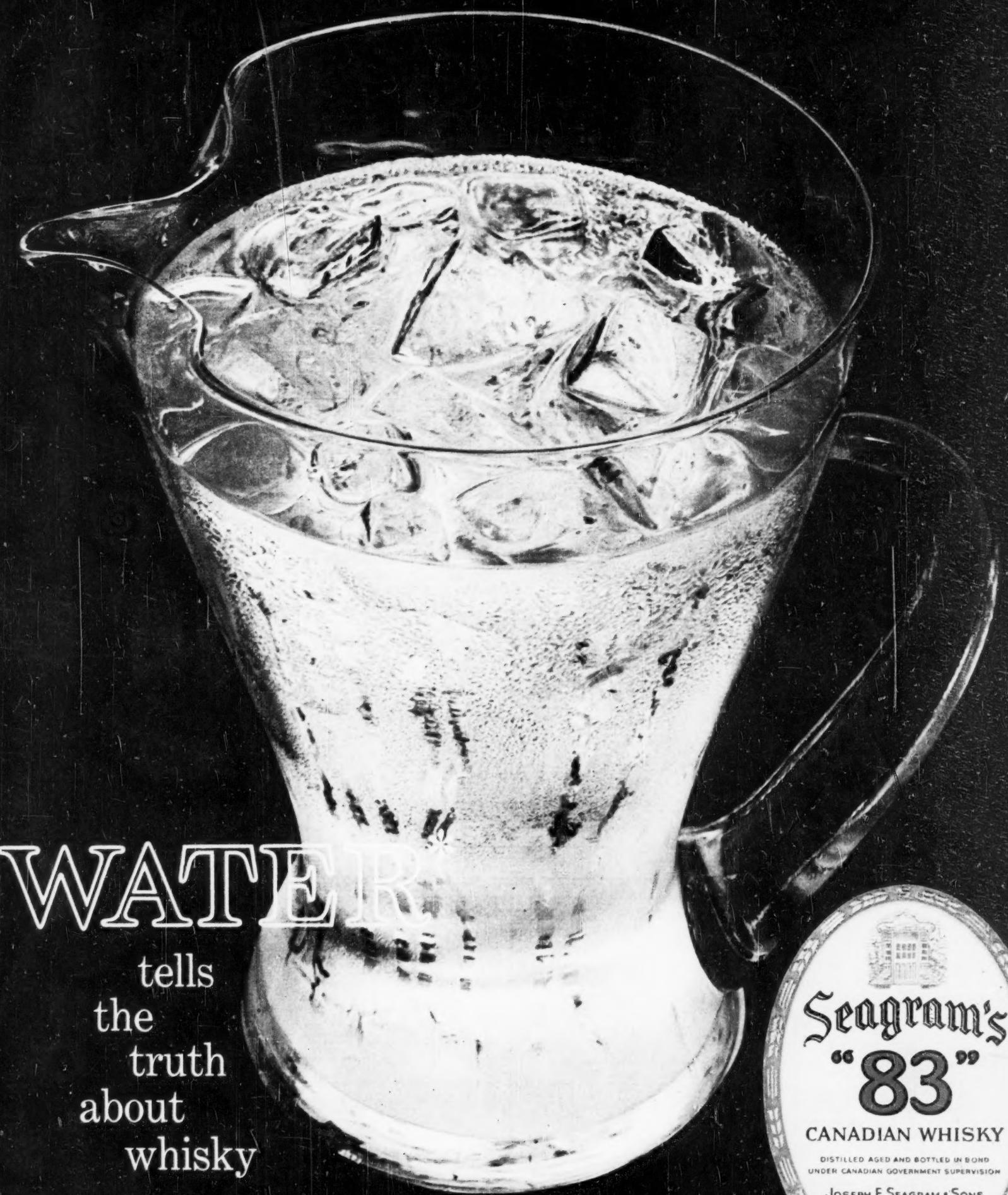
SOFT DRINK



MACLEAN'S

Harbaugh

Finer taste is a Seagram tradition



WATER

tells
the
truth
about
whisky

Make this simple, inexpensive test at home: Pour an ounce or two of Seagram's "83" into a glass. Add ice if you like. Then pour in clear, cold water* (plain or sparkling) until the mixture is just the right shade of pale amber. Now lift the glass and breathe in that clean, fresh fragrance . . . like fields of golden rye in the sun. That is Seagram's "83" as Seagram's and Nature made it — with nothing added but honest, all-revealing water. If it tastes better than any other whisky with water, then you'll be sure to like it as well with any other favourite mixer.



*Now in a
distinguished new decanter*

"Even if the American capitalists attack us," said a 14-year-old girl, "I'm not worried. We'll win"

people don't want war. At the same time, I think it's dangerous that a whole generation is being brought up with such a misleading and terrifying view of the Western world. It can result in blind fanaticism and, ultimately, war.

When I asked groups of Chinese children directly about their fears and worries, I drew a blank. A fourteen-year-old girl explained, "As a Chinese person, I

have nothing to worry about—even if the American capitalists attack us. We'll win." Another girl observed, "I'm never sad, because there's no exploitation in this country," to which a sixteen-year-old boy added, "There are no worries in the New China." These differ sharply from the responses I'm accustomed to receiving in Montreal. Young Canadians usually don't hesitate to discuss unpleas-

ant emotional experiences—the death of a friend or pet, bitter disagreements with a teacher or parent, self-doubts about their abilities and so on. Does this mean that China has achieved the millennium and her young people are worry-free?

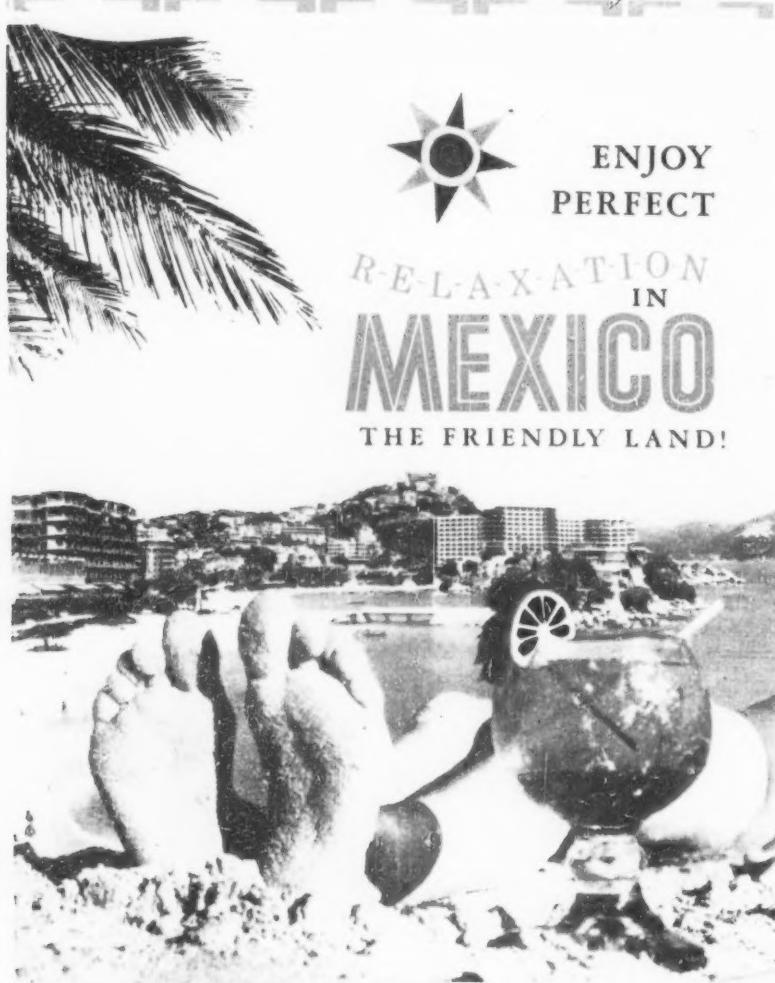
My interpretation of this phenomenon is less cheerful. As a psychiatrist, I'm worried when any group of children won't admit that they have fears or can't discuss them. Especially when several of the children, when the test questions were worded differently, expressed deep concern over their academic achievements. These children are obviously repressing their uncomfortable emotions. I think they're out of contact with their deeper impulses. One explanation is that it's officially unacceptable to be unhappy in China today—especially if you're a child. While government officials are undoubtedly solicitous of the children, I am certain that they've not managed to eliminate the normal fears and doubts that gnaw at children.

It was from tests and interviews that I obtained some understanding of the Chinese adolescent's view of sex, courtship, love and marriage. In one of the test pictures, a pin-up girl appeared hazily in the background as a wall decoration. Canadian children usually notice the pin-up and are not unduly impressed by it. However, of a group of nine Chinese teenagers, six were evidently so shocked by the semi-nude that they ostentatiously ignored it while the other three appeared to be disgusted by it. "We never see that sort of thing here," one boy said feelingly. "That must be in a capitalistic country." Young and old alike were reluctant to discuss sex. Sex education is not given in the schools and few parents talk to their children about the facts of life. Evidently the traditional sex taboos

remain, even in the New China. The Freudian thesis that sexual repression plays a role in neuroses is flatly rejected. "It doesn't fit in with the Chinese mentality," Dr. Shu, director of the Shanghai Municipal Psychiatric Hospital, told me. "China has more important things to think about than sex."

During the long train ride to Manchuria, I talked about women and other matters with Kao, a handsome 23-year-old student from the Peking Institute of Foreign Languages. Like most of his classmates, he neither drinks nor smokes. "Bourgeois habits," he explained. "Besides, they're expensive and bad for your health." Blushing slightly, he denied ever having kissed a girl. "Not even a good-night kiss," he said. He was quite sure that all his friends adhered to the same code. According to his view—and I found this difficult to accept—physical attraction did not exist between the young men and women at the university. Furthermore, he said, sex should not be a preoccupation of the young.

Young Chinese women share this view, it seems. They defeminize themselves by wearing male slacks and shirts and avoiding the use of cosmetics. The only time I saw young Chinese women dressed attractively was at a banquet. When I complimented one girl on her beautiful slitted gown, she replied, "We enjoy dressing up a few times a year, but it's not important. Your women spend all their time trying to seduce men. What a waste of time and talent!" Deliberately trying to attract a man is regarded as a non-acceptable form of behavior. One evening, in Canton, one of our hostesses—a vivacious, slender girl—devoted most of her attention to the three males in our party. The tour conductor was obviously displeased. He took her aside and whispered to her, earnestly. She



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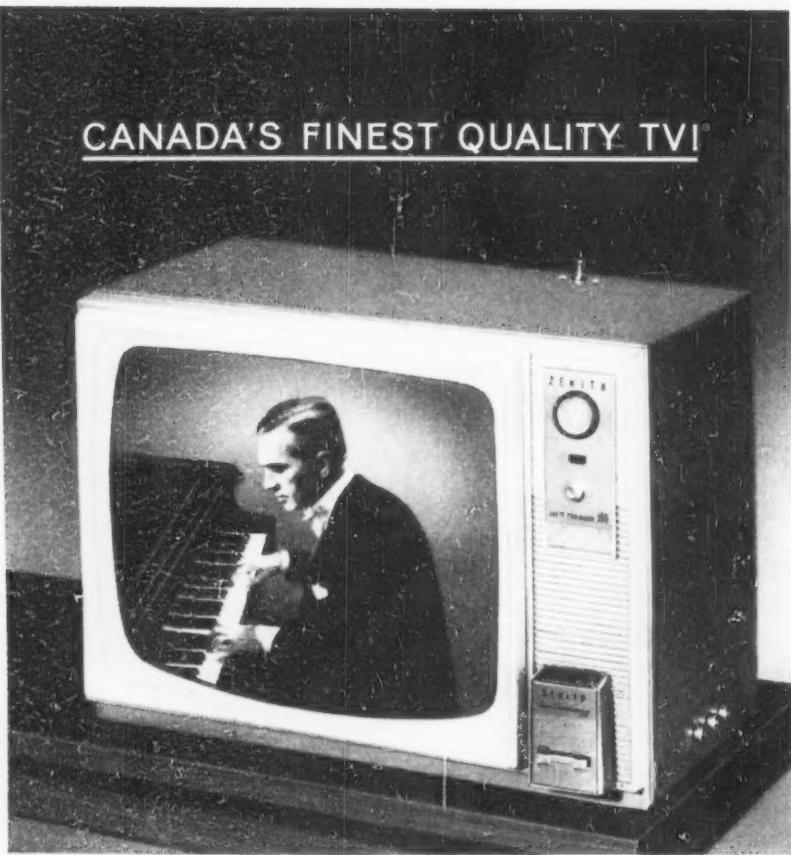
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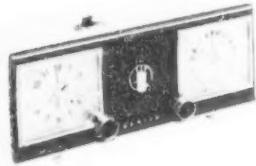


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spent the rest of the evening with the two women in the group.

How the young Chinese handle their sexual urges remains an enigma to me. Sublimation is possible for certain dedicated people, such as nuns and priests, but it can be achieved only by a minority. For the majority, there are alternative outlets such as masturbation and homosexuality. But even the professional people I met in China were loath to discuss the prevalence of these practices. It is possible that some of the sexual aggressiveness of the Chinese is being channeled into hard work and hostile fantasies toward the "imperialists and capitalists."

Before leaving the subject of sex, I should add that in the balmier parts of the country the young people seemed to be more aware of their libido. In a park beside the Huangpu River near Shanghai, I saw quite a few couples holding hands or passionately embracing each other. Perhaps it's significant that the poets and novelists in this district are almost alone among Chinese writers in their insistence that romantic love has a place in literary creation.

Romantic love, so far as I could observe, is certainly absent from most Chinese courtships and marriages. "We oppose the idea that love is supreme," says Teng Ying-chao, one of the leaders of the All-China Women's Federation.

By law, a marriage can be contracted only when the man has reached twenty, the woman eighteen. The government tries to send married couples to work in the same area. There's no such thing as going steady. Dating, as we know it, is regarded as a wasteful, bourgeois practice. Boys and girls usually go en masse to a concert, cinema or dance. A boy, after careful observation, will pick out a girl, yet he's so undemonstrative that he may have been courting her for a year before his companions are aware of it. When it comes to choosing a wife, the student will generally make his choice from among his classmates. Beauty and body measurements are not determining factors. A teacher explained, "The girls most in demand are conscientious workers and well developed, ideologically."

Many Western observers believe that the denial of romantic love is merely a party attempt to stamp out individualism and personal freedom. I don't wholly agree. It should be remembered that the Chinese have no tradition of romantic unions. It's entirely likely that the party philosophy merely serves as a rationalization of the attitudes the people hold, regardless of the party line. As a psychiatrist, I can suggest another bar to romantic love at the present time. Chinese women, because of their traditional enslavement, must harbor a long-accumulated resentment against men. Until the Marriage Law was promulgated in 1950, women were without personal rights. The young Chinese girl was arbitrarily handed over to a husband chosen by her parents. She was the domestic slave of her mother-in-law. An old Chinese saying goes, "A woman married is like a pony bought. Ride her and whip her as you please." If the husband died, the wife was not permitted to remarry. With this repressive background, the modern Chinese woman must have a strong need to demonstrate her equality—an emotional climate that does not nurture romantic love.

The Marriage Law of 1950 revolutionized the life of the Chinese woman. It prohibits arbitrary and compulsory unions, child betrothal, bigamy, interference with remarriage and the extraction of money and gifts in connection with marriage. By legalizing divorce, it

has also liberated many long-suffering men and women.

Women seem to be enjoying their new-found freedom. I found them working beside men in fields, factories and universities. At one medical school, forty percent of the students are female. I asked a mother of three small children how she felt about being away from home so much of the time. "It's wonderful," she said. "Most of us detest housework. In the old days, we worked ten times as hard."

What have these cataclysmic changes done to the proverbial respect the Chinese have for their elders? The relationship has changed. There has been a subtle widening of the gap between the generations, not because of hostile feelings but because a third party, the state, has become omnipresent. It's not quite accurate to say that the state now stands *between* children and parents; rather, it stands *above* both of them. This is well summed up by a poem written by a small Chinese girl and recorded in a book by Anna Louise Strong:

Sugar is sweet, but honey sweeter,
Cotton is warm, but warmer fur.
Mother and father have loving kindness
But Chairman Mao has more.

As nearly as I could make out, the Chinese teenager's attitude toward his

PARADE

Dressing room only

A single clerk was on duty in an exclusive dress shop in Victoria, one quiet morning, when an untidy urchin burst in the door, scampered across the broadloom and disappeared into one of the beautifully appointed dressing rooms. Momentarily stunned, the clerk recovered herself and made for the dressing room just as the young fellow emerged beaming and exclaimed: "Thanks a lot—I came in to change my jeans. Just noticed I had them on backwards."

parents is one of respect tinged with condescension, pity and compassion. One boy explained to me, "We've got more opportunities and we're better educated. But you have to remember that they've had a hard life. They're heroic to have survived the exploitations of the capitalistic system." A common characteristic of Canadian family life, the adolescent rebellion—in which the child attempts to emancipate himself from his family—is virtually non-existent in present-day China. There's no need for it—there's nothing to struggle against.

What kind of people will the future citizens of China be? China is still an impoverished country and as long as the present challenges exist, her people will continue to work feverishly. They will continue to disregard their own needs, conveniences, emotions and inner conflicts. In the process, they will become more conformist and more dependent on the state. Unhappily, a virulent anti-imperialism is one of the strong dynamics of the new society. At the same time, the Chinese people are abysmally ignorant of the non-Communist world. As a beginning, it seems to me that we must resolve our political differences. As the next step, we must break through this barrier of ignorance and establish contact with the Chinese people. We must help them realize that not all in the West is threatening and malevolent. In turn, we must accept the fact that not all in the New China is bad. ★

Discount Stamp Facts: No. 5



Do discount stamps benefit the consumer? This question is being widely discussed throughout Canada today. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada, Limited is publishing "Discount Stamp Facts," to help you understand better the function of discount stamps, and to answer the above question to your own satisfaction. Below is the fifth in this series.

How did discount stamps originate? Details are indefinite, but the idea seems to have been born in the mind of a general storekeeper, in the late 1800's. This storekeeper felt that customers who paid cash should be rewarded. After all, credit accounts caused him a good deal of extra trouble and expense. As he cast about for an idea, the storekeeper recalled that his suppliers always gave him a discount for paying cash. A discount seemed the logical reward for his cash customers, but how could you accurately calculate discounts on cash sales that ranged all the way from a penny's worth of candy, to a hundred dollars' worth of feed?

Finally, the merchant hit on the idea of accumulated cash discounts. That is, he would keep a record of a customer's cash purchases, and would award the cash discount, in the form of a credit, when the purchases had reached an amount where the discount could be easily figured. The plan seemed a good one, and then the merchant thought of a way to make it even better: he would issue tokens (stamps) to customers as they made their cash purchases. His customers could then figure how much credit they had established at any time.

Summary: Discount stamps originated as a way to reward store customers for paying cash for their purchases.

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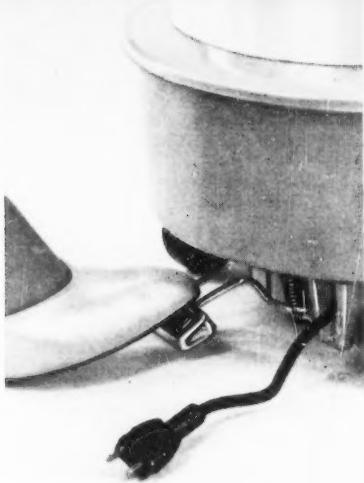
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The late Tony Frank's "perfect" alibi

Continued from page 28

The lead came from a number scrawled on a twist of paper found in the pocket of a slain hoodlum

It was on this one simple paragraph in the law, and the evidence of a member of the bandit gang who turned King's evidence to save his own neck, that Tony Frank went to his death. The trap that was sprung under him that October morning ended an era of crime rule in Montreal that has never been duplicated in Canada. The king was dead. His nemesis had been a fighting Crown prosecutor, R. L. Calder, and an angry, determined judge, Charles Wilson of the Superior Court.

Without exaggeration, the 47-year-old Frank could be called a forerunner of Capone. He ruled Montreal's underworld from a dingy office on St. Dominique Street in the heart of the segregated red-light district that was a province of his domain. He owned the narcotics trade outright. The visiting hood could operate only under his license and protection. He swaggered about the courthouse corridors as if he owned the building, and some people vowed he did. Cops addressed him with respect and even awe. He was the bailman, the lawyer-getter, the bigshot who could tip any raid before it happened, the fixer with a cut in the payoff in every major crime. That was King Tony.

The holdup and killing that Frank and Gambino did not attend happened on April 1, 1924. Shortly before two o'clock that afternoon the collection car of the Bank of Hochelaga — an unarmored Dodge sedan — rolled down the slope into the dim Ontario Street underpass. As it did, two men ran out from behind a stone parapet, hauling a heavy chain, which they slung across the roadway at windshield height. They then ran into the tunnel, drawing guns out of holsters. At the eastern exit Harry Stone climbed onto the roof of a Ford sedan and snipped the trolley wires with heavy cutters — to keep streetcars from the underpass — as a getaway car was backed alongside the Ford to block the passage. Stone and the occupants of the second car moved quickly into the underpass. As the bank car reached the level stretch under the railway tracks it was met by a fusillade.

Henri Cleroux gunned his engine, and stalled. He jumped and started running. A bullet felled him before he had gone five yards. A bank messenger named Fortier was wounded but survived. Another, named Thibaudeau, grabbed a satchel and escaped. The gunfire ended as sharply as it had begun. The mobsters ransacked the bullet-riddled car, grabbed money bags and ran for their escape cars. Elapsed time: two minutes. The haul: \$142,288 in cash, plus bonds.

About 2:15, a Hudson sedan came careering up Christophe Colomb Avenue, more than a mile north of the holdup spot. It leaped the curb into a vacant lot where another car stood parked with a waiting driver behind the wheel. Four men jumped out of the Hudson and into the second car, as its driver spun away on squealing tires. When the police arrived they found the body of Harry Stone in the Hudson. His otherwise empty pockets contained a crumpled wad of paper, on which a telephone number had been scrawled.

The phone number led to a rooming house on Dorchester Street. The landlady described a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, who had left that morning for New York. Had they received many visitors? She remembered only a Mr. and Mrs. Linden who had been frequent callers. A check of taxi operators produced a cabby who had driven "a handsome young woman" from the Dorchester Street address to 57 Coursol Street in St. Henri a few days earlier. At 8:30, less than seven hours after the killing of Cleroux, the police moved in on 57 Coursol.

They found two young women and two men, questioned them and took them to

PARADE

Cold feet?

A people-watcher who makes a fascinated study of the executives, rubber-dubs, career girls and beatniks who jostle each other daily on Toronto's downtown streets spotted the prize catch of the winter on a Dundas Street corner. From his snap-brimmed hat and his dark winter coat he seemed scarcely worth a second glance, till she noticed he was sloshing through the slush in his bare feet.

headquarters. They had picked up the "Knights" and the "Lindens" — Giuseppe Serafini and his wife, Mary; Ciro Nieri and Emma Lebeau. No evidence tied them to the crime. Nevertheless a phone number found on a dead gunman was the clue that started Frank and the others on the road to the gallows.

A search of the house on Coursol Street exposed a secret cupboard containing \$23,000 in currency, much of it identified as the bank's money. At the inquest into the deaths of Cleroux and Stone on April 9, Emma Lebeau admitted she had told the police where to look. On the stand she identified a cloth mask as one she had made for Nieri. She described a meeting with him on a street corner an hour after the holdup at which Nieri had handed her a bulky portfolio, which she had carried home to Coursol Street. Serafini's wife had arrived a little later, also carrying a portfolio. After the inquest Nieri and the Serafinis were charged with murder. The Lebeau girl was held as a material witness.

The Serafini-Nieri trial was put on the docket for the May assizes, but no knowledgeable reporter believed for a moment that the police had caught the organizers. The town was astir with agitation for a cleanup. But a strange silence hovered over the case. At last, on the afternoon of May 7, R. L. Calder called in the press. He spoke casually. "I just wanted to tell you," he said, "that we have charged some new people with murder in the Hochelaga Bank business." Names? Calder answered: "Tony Frank, Frank Gambino, Louis Morel and two others."

The news hit the town with the force of a blockbuster. The king? They'd never

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pin it on him. Gambino? Tony Frank might throw him away to give the cops a sacrificial lamb. But Morel? This was a stunner.

Louis Morel was one of Canada's outstanding athletes, an ex-detective who had been a local hero, the public image of the honest cop. Surely not Morel. Maybe he'd been working from the inside to break up Frank's crime ring. This was the tenor of town talk. What the town didn't know was that when Morel had left the force to become a private eye he had been under a cloud — nothing proved but

much suspected. That had been a police secret. Honest policemen don't like disclosures about bad cops.

The other two were Mike Valentino, Frank's messenger, and Leo Davis, a run-of-mill hoodlum. Just names. But the arrest of Frank and Morel shook Montreal.

Calder announced that the Serafini-Nieri trial would be held first; the others later. Why? No comment. Nor did Calder offer any explanation when Serafini faced the court alone on May 26. But when the trial ended on June 7 with a hung jury,

the Crown was far from happy with its case. Witnesses who had made positive identification in police line-ups developed sudden doubts. The Lebeau girl contradicted evidence she had given at the inquest. Jurors complained to the bench that their families were receiving threatening phone calls. A witness who had previously identified Serafini as the man tending the spare getaway car on the vacant lot wasn't so sure, but nevertheless asked the court for a license to carry a gun. In the public mind, gangland was still running Montreal.

In this supercharged atmosphere, Calder played his ace. On June 4 he had said in a normal speaking voice, "The Crown calls Ciro Nieri." What happened after Mr. Justice Wilson silenced the hubbub by threatening to clear the court had no precedent in Canadian criminal annals. Addressing the bench, Calder said:

"It is important that the witness should hear the statement I wish to make. At a certain time I was informed that the prisoner, Nieri, wished to see me. I saw him prior to the coroner's inquest, at the central police station. He said he wished to make a declaration, but demanded certain privileges in return. As I was not empowered to do so, I refused to hear him. I then approached the attorney-general and obtained the sanction needed. I was then able to promise that he would be in no jeopardy whatever if he made full confession."

Calder handed his pardon to the witness, who smiled sardonically as he tucked it into a pocket. Nieri then gave his first detailed version of the planning, the holdup and the subsequent division of the spoils. He named Frank as fixer and Morel as organizer, but made an obvious



STUDENTS

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PARADE

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effort to help Serafini who, he insisted, had merely been the driver of the getaway Hudson. Contradicting other evidence, he identified himself as driver of the car parked on the vacant lot. The statement that finally wrecked Calder's case, through his own star witness, was that Serafini had been unarmed. The jury split: eight for murder, four for manslaughter. One of the four said later that "an unarmed man can't kill anybody with a gun," rejecting the law's clear statement on conspiracy, which the judge had driven home hard.

An angry Mr. Justice Wilson tongue-lashed the jurors who had "failed in their responsibility as citizens." As they filed out, Serafini stood smiling confidently in the dock. But the appearance of bravado turned to apprehension when the judge concluded his denunciation by ordering Serafini to trial on Monday, June 9, with Frank, Gambino, Morel, Valentino and Davis. It was then Saturday afternoon.

The defense protested and stormed. They needed time for preparation. The court was adamant. The trial of the six began on Monday.

It was indeed Wilson's trial. That gruff but friendly man had often been called the Hanging Judge, perhaps unfairly, but this time there could be no doubt that he was out for blood. Faced by a galaxy of the city's criminal-law talent, he let it be known at the outset that he would allow no leeway to the defense.

Before twelve jurors had been chosen, 256 talesmen had been rejected. Many

pleaded prejudgment of the case when the real excuse was mortal fear of the underworld. The judge berated the evaders by the score. Then began the slow, inexorable construction that gives a great trial the taut quality of high drama . . . the clank of the chain that had been slung across the tunnel, as the Crown placed it in evidence; the identification of money discovered by the police at Coursol Street; revolvers and sawed-off shotguns found by a variety of people at various places; the cutters with which Stone had severed the trolley wires.

When the Lebeau girl entered the witness box, Calder led her through the story of her early life in Sudbury and her efforts to go straight in Montreal, where she had worked as a hospital maid until she met Nieri, with whom she was in love. She described her contacts through him with gangland. Yet of the six men in the dock she had known only Serafini. Frank, Gambino and Morel were no more than names she had heard Nieri mention. The defense attacked her evidence as hearsay, contradicting much she had said before under oath. Repeatedly the girl was in tears. The bench taxed defense counsel with rough tactics and was given the reply: "We are fighting here for human lives, My Lord." But the girl's evidence had the ring of truth and her tears kindled sympathy. Nevertheless the outcome clearly hinged on the testimony of Nieri, who entered the box on June 17. At the outset Wilson warned him that though he had escaped a murder indictment the court would not hesitate to charge him with perjury if his evidence differed from the story he had told at the Serafini trial.

Nieri was ruthless as he faced six men he was ready to sell to the gallows for his own freedom. Repeatedly he stared down his former confederates in the dock. Only Morel gave back stare for stare. Whether Nieri lied or told the truth, he was unshakeable, even when his story contradicted the evidence of other witnesses. This was his version of the crime:

He and Serafini had been approached by Morel in a bar late in 1923. They had agreed to work together and Morel had undertaken to organize a gang to operate under Frank's protection. Other members had been recruited: Stone first, then the two chain-men, Salvatore Arena and Giuseppe Carrero. Davis came later, and then a man named Adam Parillo. The bank car had been selected after a number of prospects had been considered. Nieri had not met Frank until after he (Nieri) had been arrested. He swore the underworld king had visited him in Bordeaux jail and said: "Keep your mouth shut. Calder will be replaced and a new man will get you out."

Serafini and Davis had stolen the getaway cars and parked them in various hideouts. He (Nieri) had rounded up guns and ammunition and on one occasion had met Gambino on a street corner to pick up two gunny-sacks containing sawed-off shotguns that Gambino had said "came from Tony Frank." Morel and Stone ran a daily check on the bank car and chose the underpass for the holdup. There were many rehearsals.

Nieri went on to describe a meeting at Morel's house on the night of March 31. Morel had said, "Take no chances. Waste no time. If there's resistance, shoot to kill." They met again in mid-morning on April 1, turned out their pockets, synchronized their watches and left for the tunnel in two groups. Nieri repeated his story that Serafini had driven the Hudson, with Morel, Stone and Parillo as passengers. Stone was to leave them en route to join Davis in the Ford and arrive at the tunnel a few moments ahead of the

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others to cut the tramway wires. Arena and Carrero had gone to handle the chain at the other end of the tunnel. Nieri insisted that he had taken the spare getaway car to the vacant lot and stayed there. Whether it was true or not, this enabled him to disclaim knowledge of the killings in the tunnel and to take up the story again with the arrival of the Hudson bearing Morel, Parillo and Davis and the dead Harry Stone. From the lot, Nieri said, he had driven Morel, Parillo and Davis to Morel's house, where the money was counted and divided. Morel

had insisted on destroying the bonds.

The turncoat then gave his version of the cut. Morel took \$18,000 and kept a similar amount "for Stone's family." He swore that Serafini, Parillo, Arena and Carrero were cut in for \$18,000 each, but that he (Nieri) and Davis were allotted shares of only \$10,000, as they had merely been chauffeurs. He had left Morel's house carrying \$59,000 in a valise containing shares for Arena and Carrero, \$13,000 for Frank, and his own cut. He had handed the satchel to Emma Lebeau at Drolet and Belanger streets. They had

separated and proceeded by devious routes to 57 Coursol. The two girls and Serafini were there when he arrived about five o'clock. The money was spread on a bed and counted again, while Emma went out to buy a paper. The headlines screamed murder. To Calder's question: "What did you think then?" Nieri replied: "I said, 'If they ever find us, we hang.'" As he said this the witness drew a hand across his gullet and looked straight into the dock. A shiver ran through the courtroom.

Nieri said he left Coursol Street to

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meet Arena and Gambino at St. Mark and Dorchester streets. He handed Arena a parcel wrapped in newspaper containing the split for the two chain-men. As he passed Frank's share to Gambino he had said, "Stone is dead." Gambino had answered, "What do we care? We got the money!" Again Nieri looked full face into the dock. Gambino looked down at his hands, gripping the rim of the dock. Nieri turned to face Calder. "I went back to Coursol Street," he said in a toneless voice. "And that was it."

The defense called no witnesses, but attacked gaps and contradictions in Nieri's story, calling for his rearrest as a perjurer. If Serafini was only a driver, the defense asked, why had he been cut in for \$18,000 instead of \$10,000? If the witness had been assigned only a minor role, would he have been trusted to carry away the payoff for Frank? The governor of Bordeaux Jail had sworn that Frank had not visited Nieri, but that Gambino and Valentino had done so, carrying forg-

PARADE

Cash deal

By the time he follows his wife through a crowded supermarket the average husband is pretty well dazed. When a Kingston, Ontario, shopper found she didn't have enough money to pay the grocery bill, she just reached a hand over her shoulder and ordered, "Give me a dollar." When she didn't get it



immediately she said sharply, "Hurry up!" Finally she got it, paid the bill, then looked behind her for the first time. She discovered her husband had disappeared somewhere en route and she'd eadged a dollar off a total stranger. Obviously another supermarket shock case, the poor fellow didn't even look particularly surprised.

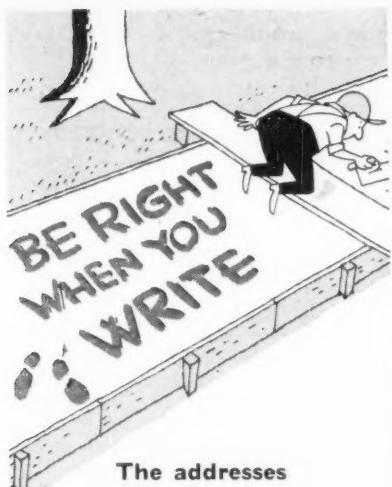
ed permits as Jack Foster and Mike Capuano. How did Nieri account for that? The witness shrugged his shoulders.

Six defense lawyers addressed the jury on Saturday, June 21. Repeatedly they asked: "How can you convict on the unsupported word of a liar and stoolie-pigeon?" At five o'clock Mr. Justice Wilson adjourned court to Monday morning.

This was the day of climax. Calder prophesied the verdict when he said: "The six men who stand before you have, by a species of suicide, prepared their own deaths." As he handed the case to the jury, Wilson declared that no man could have invented so coherent and unbroken a story as Nieri's, even though his memory might have erred on minor points. It was a clear call for a hanging verdict. Twelve men brought it in, in exactly twelve minutes.

The judge donned the black hat and gloves. To each prisoner he put the question: "Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced on you?"

Serafini answered first, saying "No" in a firm voice. Valentino and Davis were weeping and could not speak. Gambino, obviously fighting for self-control, said "I have nothing to do with this. There are



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two men in this dock who can tell you that four of us are innocent." Then Davis found his voice and said in a quavering voice: "I have nothing to do with this crime. You are hanging an innocent man. There is no justice at all here. When two of us wanted to make a confession, you would not hear us. Why don't you hang us the day we are arrested? Then we would not suffer so."

Valentino cut in, laughing hysterically. "I never see a cent of that money," he said, and burst into tears again as he collapsed into the arms of a guard.

These were the bit players, building the climax for the principals, Frank and Morel. The one-time king of the underworld stood propped by two guards. He was glassy-eyed and drooling. At the end of the line Morel stood erect, with arms folded.

Frank could only croak unintelligible noises. Such words as came through begged for mercy for a man who was the sole support of an aged father and mother, a wife and three children, and who protested his innocence. He was half-carried from the dock.

Morel spoke last. In ringing tones he declared: "I was in this thing from the beginning. I was at the deliberations and I was in the tunnel. Serafini was there and so were Parillo and Stone. But Nieri was there, too, and he is the man who murdered Cleroux. I am sorry for what I have done. I regret it. But I am willing to take my medicine and I am not asking for mercy. But this man beside me (he turned to look at Davis) is innocent. I swear on the tomb of my father that this man is not guilty. He had nothing to do with it. Let him go free."

The law got some; the mob, others

Which of two men, the informer or the corrupted cop, spoke truth will never be known. Lawyers have said that if Morel had not spoken, appeals might well have succeeded. But this was Wilson's day and it ended on the awesome words that each should be "hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!" The sentence of Davis and Valentino were subsequently commuted. Both later went free. Mary Serafini was released. The police had caught Adam Parillo in Connecticut, and he had "sung" for a light sentence. Parillo had been prepared to testify, but it was said he had been withheld for fear he might contradict much of Nieri's evidence.

At first light on October 24 four men mounted two scaffolds at Bordeaux. Serafini kept his courage to the last. Gambino had to be assisted on his last walk. Frank was carried to the scaffold and propped on his feet under the noose. Morel walked out with firm step, standing alone on the trap. So ended the reign of Tony Frank.

It took a little longer for the law — or the underworld — to catch up with other members of the gang. Giuseppe Carrero, one of the two men who handled the tunnel chains, was picked up in San Francisco ten years later and returned to Montreal. He was released in 1936 after his acquittal. The law never did find his partner, Salvatore Arena, but fellow hoods did — he was stabbed to death in New York in 1936. Adam Parillo died the same way, in the same city, within months of Arena.

Ciro Nieri received the treatment reserved for informers. In 1926, two years after the execution of his confederates, his mutilated body was found in a ditch. His fingernails had been dug out by the roots, and there was other evidence of death by torture.

Gangland had closed the books. ★

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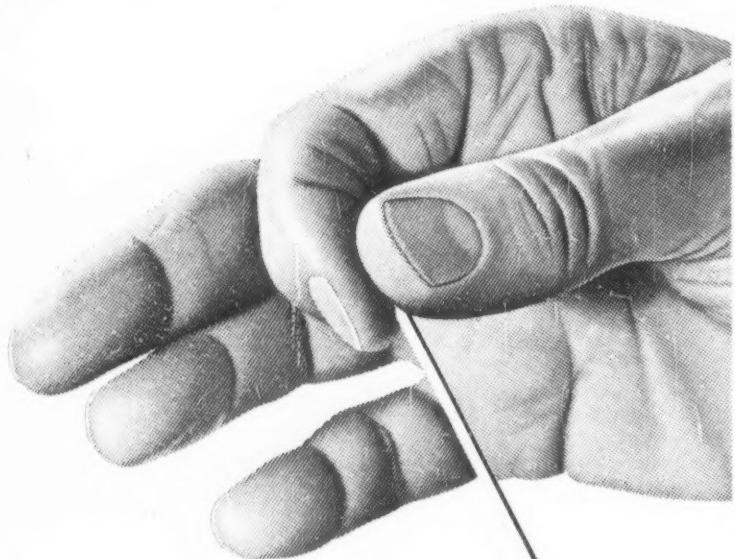
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The deadly mystery of teenage smoking

Continued from page 25

"**You can't scare youngsters by talking of death," says a teacher. "It's just beyond their interest"**

school on this question. A generation ago, whatever parents might say or do, the schools forbade and punished smoking as a matter of course. Now, confronted with the teenage smoker whose parents allow him to smoke at home, more and more high schools are installing smoking rooms. One boarding school for girls put in such a room when it proved unable to prevent girls from throwing lighted cigarette butts down a wooden laundry chute — the teachers decided it was better to let the pupils smoke than risk burning down the school.

One public school that recently installed a smoking room was the high school at Haileybury, Ontario. Principal G. L. Cassidy explained: "It's impossible to prevent the boys and girls from smoking. The only way we could do it would be to have a policeman on duty to follow every boy to the washroom." Like many other principals who have followed the same course, Cassidy says: "How can you convince a boy that he shouldn't smoke when his parents say it's all right?" Especially, a parent might add, if his teachers smoke too.

Schools that still follow the older custom are unhappy, because they find prohibition less and less effective. The Montreal High School, for example, enforces a no-smoking rule not only in the school itself but also for a full city block around it. Senior pupils who defy the rule are suspended for three days, juniors are strapped. But Rector Henry Wright says smoking among his pupils is increasing steadily, and they badger him to accept the facts of life and let them smoke "like the kids in the Catholic schools." (For some reason that no one has identified, there does seem to be a higher incidence of smoking among Roman Catholic than among Protestant youngsters. It showed up in the Portland survey as well as in several Canadian cities.)

In one Roman Catholic school where smoking is sternly forbidden, St. Stephen's in Halifax, Principal Michael Merrigan used to feel fairly confident that he had the habit under control in the student body. Today he is not so sure. "There's a wide gap in authority," he says, "when youngsters are bound by one set of rules at school and another at home."

Two things are obvious, anyway: The teenage smoking problem will not solve itself, but will get worse if left alone; and mere arbitrary prohibition, if it ever worked, will not work now. Something much more positive and systematic is required.

Authorities seem to be glumly agreed, too, that it's not much use trying to scare young people with the thought that smoking will shorten their lives, or bring them a horrid fate thirty years hence. Says Dr. Dorothy Ross of the Montreal High School for Girls: "You cannot scare youngsters by talking of death. It's simply beyond their interest."

In England, a recent correspondent of *The Lancet* endorsed this view: "The other day I told a very young man he was very likely planting the seeds of cancer of the lung, coronary disease and bronchitis, and that they might foully

blossom when he was forty. He answered quite candidly: 'I don't care a damn what happens to me when I am forty.' The time of nemesis was too incredibly remote to deter him. That is as it should be; if a youth has long foresight and prudence, there is something wrong with him. It is the adults who stand convicted of mass murder by example."

New Brunswick school principal recently gave the whole school a horror lecture on the evils of smoking, with great stress on lung cancer and heart disease. He then asked the pupils for written comments. Typical remarks were "I don't believe cigarettes are all that dangerous," or "You have to die of something." At fifteen, the difference between dying at fifty and dying at eighty seems hardly worth bothering about—both ages are incredible periods of antiquity.

Experiment has shown, though, that what can't be done by occasional "scare

PARADE

If winter comes . . .

Ottawa's annual "Do it now!" campaign lost all its steam by the time it reached Enderby, B.C. According to a dispatch in the *Vancouver Sun*, "Enderby city council has decided not to schedule any winter works program until next spring."

talks" can be done by careful, intensive effort over a period of time. Dr. Daniel Horn of the American Cancer Society, who conducted a survey of 22,000 high-school students in Portland, followed up the survey with a strong educational campaign among 4,000 boys and girls. "We found they responded to reason," said Dr. Horn, "to an appeal to their capacities to think in an adult fashion." Checking again at the end of the campaign, Dr. Horn found that the rate of "recruitment" of smokers in the group had fallen off by about twenty percent.

Winnipeg is now planning a similar campaign, in the wake of its school survey.

Ralph Wendeborn, Manitoba director of health and welfare education, says: "We know that youngsters' behavior is determined by the group, and at the moment there is a tremendous group pressure on the individual to smoke. It's part of being adult, of belonging. We feel it is our responsibility to relieve this pressure on the individual."

The first step in this program was taken last year with the questionnaire already mentioned, which covered 21,000 children in the Winnipeg public schools. It showed among other things that the early years of high school are the critical period — only five percent of elementary school pupils were smokers, but before the end of high school the habit had spread to half the boys and a third of the girls. It also showed that wholehearted co-operation of the parents would be necessary if an anti-smoking campaign were to succeed, so Wendeborn and W. C. Lorimer,

superintendent of Winnipeg School District No. 1, are planning to mobilize the Home and School groups.

The organization of disapproval is more difficult than it might seem, even among people who already oppose smoking. Some time ago Dr. John Godden, addressing a temperance meeting in Halifax, remarked that he would rather have his children experiment with alcohol than with nicotine. He was quite serious — he thinks that smoking is a much more dangerous habit than drinking. (Only two percent of all drinkers, he says, develop any physical ailment that is related to alcohol, whereas he believes *all* cigarette smokers damage their health seriously and ten percent die because of their habit.) But this statement raised a considerable storm among clergymen and other temperance workers, who apparently regard smoking as merely a venial sin.

The real problem, though, is to organize disapproval not among adults but among the pupils. All authorities agree on the need for some device to make smoking unfashionable in the eyes of youth.

Harold Nason, Nova Scotia's director of elementary and secondary education, recalls that he "practically wiped out smoking" in an Annapolis County high school of which he was principal from 1934 to 1946. Nason was also coach of the school hockey team, and he made sure that none of its members smoked. Hockey players were fashion-setters, and Nason made the most of this fact — he lost no opportunity to point out that the athletes in the school were non-smokers. The idea caught on. Smoking became unpopular, and the occasional smoker found himself facing student disapproval.

However, Nason is the first to admit that the problem is not that simple in larger places. "A mere ban on smoking will never work," he says, "if public opinion is against it. And public opinion is not against smoking, not yet. We can't do anything rash."

Recent experiments have shown, too, that public opinion is wholly indifferent to short, sudden, intensive campaigns. In Edinburgh, Dr. J. G. Thomson, medical officer for research and health education, got a twelve-thousand-dollar grant from the city council last year for a major drive against smoking. He and two associates bought newspaper advertisements, requested and got a barrage of anti-smoking editorials, distributed three thousand posters showing enormous cigarettes whose plumes of smoke spelled out the word CANCER. Letters and leaflets on the subject were mailed to every household in town. Public meetings were held, with distinguished medical authorities as speakers. The result, so far as any evidence showed, was precisely nil. Dr. Thomson reported in *The Lancet* that cigarette sales in Edinburgh were unchanged, and there was no discernible increase in the number of people who believed that cigarette smoking causes lung cancer. Moreover, a full quarter of the people interviewed had not even noticed, after six months, that a campaign against smoking had been started.

Only two hopeful signs could be detected as a result of the Edinburgh experiment, Dr. Thomson said. One was that about half the smokers interviewed admitted that they would like to stop smoking "if they could do so easily." The other was a marked increase, during the campaign, in the number of people who said they thought youngsters should be discouraged from taking up smoking.

This latter point is important, because a survey of several thousand children in the same Edinburgh campaign showed an astonishing ignorance of the fact that smoking is an addiction. Of the young-

sters interviewed, eighty-eight percent of the boys and ninety-six percent of the girls said they did not intend to smoke after leaving school. The commonest reason was "I'll need my money for more important things." None of them seemed to realize that the average confirmed smoker is an addict who cannot give up his habit.

Dr. Godden and his colleagues in the Canadian drive against smoking hope to persuade more parents to admit this, to their children and to themselves, and thus perhaps diminish the force of their bad

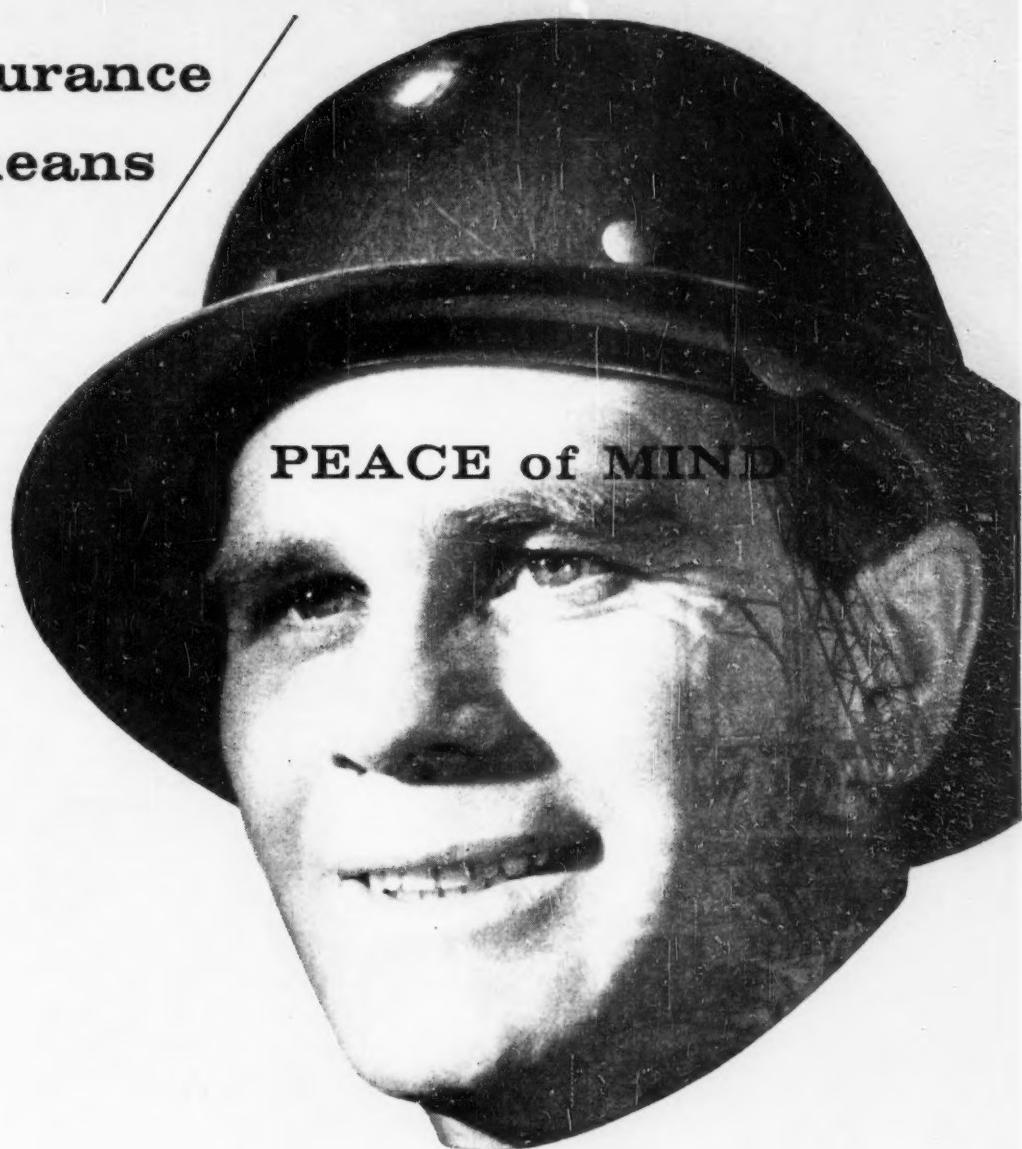
example. He is also trying to get the CBC, or individuals who appear on television programs, to stop using cigarettes during the actual broadcast — "they wouldn't think of taking a drink while they're on the air, so why do they insist on smoking?" If he can enlist the conscience of parents, by means of such terrifying facts as that one million of the children now in school in the U.S. will die of lung cancer, he hopes to get the help even of parents who smoke themselves.

Another marginal advantage of concentrating on the danger to children is

that it eludes the direct hostility of the tobacco industry. Officially, the industry is opposed to smoking by minors. R. P. Grobbelaar, research director for Rothmans of Pall Mall Canada Limited, recently said: "Considering the psychological reasons for smoking we feel that minors generally would have less justification, and could well delay until they reach maturity before indulging in this simple pleasure which is normally associated with adulthood."

If the campaign to "save the children" should succeed in making a change in the

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climate of public opinion, it might eventually have an effect even upon addicted grownups. In Sweden, where cigarettes are more generally recognized as a public health problem than they are here, some encouraging results have been achieved by research into how to stop smoking. Dr. Borje Ejrup of Karolinska Hospital, Stockholm, recently reported an experiment with four thousand confirmed smokers, all of whom wished to stop but had been unable to do it by themselves.

"Using a combination of knowledge, psychotherapy and medical treatment," said Dr. Ejrup, "we have had good results in ninety-nine percent of the cases. Eighty-eight percent stopped entirely, and another eleven percent decreased their cigarette consumption to a quarter or less of what it was."

Maybe the time will come when Canadian parents, instead of spanking their children for smoking, will be persuaded by them to give up the baneful weed. ★



A Southerner makes a journey home

Continued from page 17

"Many of the colored people on Southern farms are less intelligent than my six-year-old son"

full of resolutions about integration, just burning to start a crusade for reform, and one afternoon of helping with the berry-picking puts out the fire. So many of the colored people on Southern farms are less intelligent than my six-year-old son, and lazier than anything I've seen anywhere else in the world. That may seem a snobbish statement, but it's true. As I said in the beginning, being unprejudiced about segregation, either way, is no road to popularity.

In Brownsville, the schools aren't integrated but there would be no trouble if they were. The residential areas already are arranged so that the whites, who form less than half the population, live adjacent to the small, elderly white school. The Negras, as even educated Negroes call themselves, live in the vicinity of the new, huge and handsome colored school. A desegregation order wouldn't cause a ripple in Brownsville. It would become law promptly. Not a single colored child lives near enough to the white school to attend it.

This brings up a point that is a continuous grating irritant in Brownsville, and hundreds of Southern towns like it where Negroes outnumber the whites. In Brownsville, for instance, the whites own ninety percent of the property and pay almost all the taxes. An accountant told me a colored businessman told him beamingly, "I never pay income tax. Whenever they raise it, I just get me another dependent."

Welfare costs for the colored population take a huge bite out of public funds every year — ninety-five percent of the illegitimacy in Brownsville is Negro — but schools are the greatest expense. Haywood County, the area Brownsville serves, contains forty-one colored schools, eleven white. Last year the bulk of the county budget was spent on improving the colored schools. There's no doubt this action was the result of pressure, and long overdue because of the lower standard of colored schools, but many whites are outraged at the cost. Much more pressure on their pocketbooks and I suspect they'll explode.

One woman remarked to me, in a lady-like voice but with the flint face of Mme. Defarge, "We've been carrying these Negroes all these years, and now the NAACP wants to stuff them down our throats as well."

A bigger issue in Brownsville than the schools is the matter of voting. The right to vote exists for anyone, white or colored, who registers by establishing that he

is a U.S. citizen. When I was growing up, it was unheard of for a colored person to register. I don't think he had to be actively discouraged from doing so; I believe it just never occurred to him.

About two years ago, a few colored people uneasily presented themselves in the registration office. The startled officials hit on the tactic of dawdling to defeat them. Applications were handled so slowly that only about four or five were processed on the one day a week the office was open. Federal officials then ordered the office to remain open six days

PARADE

Forgive us our trespass

When the Americans vacated a base in Canada's Eastern Arctic they generously turned over some buildings to the local Roman Catholic mission. The mission couldn't use them all immediately and was afraid that in that part of the world, where building materials are scarce, the unoccupied buildings might gradually disappear. So they've all been protected by erection of signs saying simply "RCMP" — although the young priest insists that all the signs mean is Roman Catholic Mission Property.

a week and get the job done. About a dozen Negroes voted that year but I understand applications are being handled now in near-normal time. Eight hundred Negroes voted in the last election.

The great panic stems from the obvious disproportion of population. Outnumbered as they are, the whites are terrified that the Negroes will take over the government of the county. They predict only doom for the South. Since few Negroes would be affected, a colored government could raise property taxes to any amount it pleased, vote bond issues, raise the salaries of its members and bankrupt the county in a week. Extremists among the whites insist this will happen.

The measures being taken to fight this imagined threat are the old ones of boycott. The best-informed and most charming colored person I talked to in Brownsville, a high-school teacher, told me that as a result of registering to vote he was denied credit in nearby Fayette County stores where he was accustomed to deal, and in one store was even refused when he tried to buy with cash. Others report registered Negroes have difficulty making



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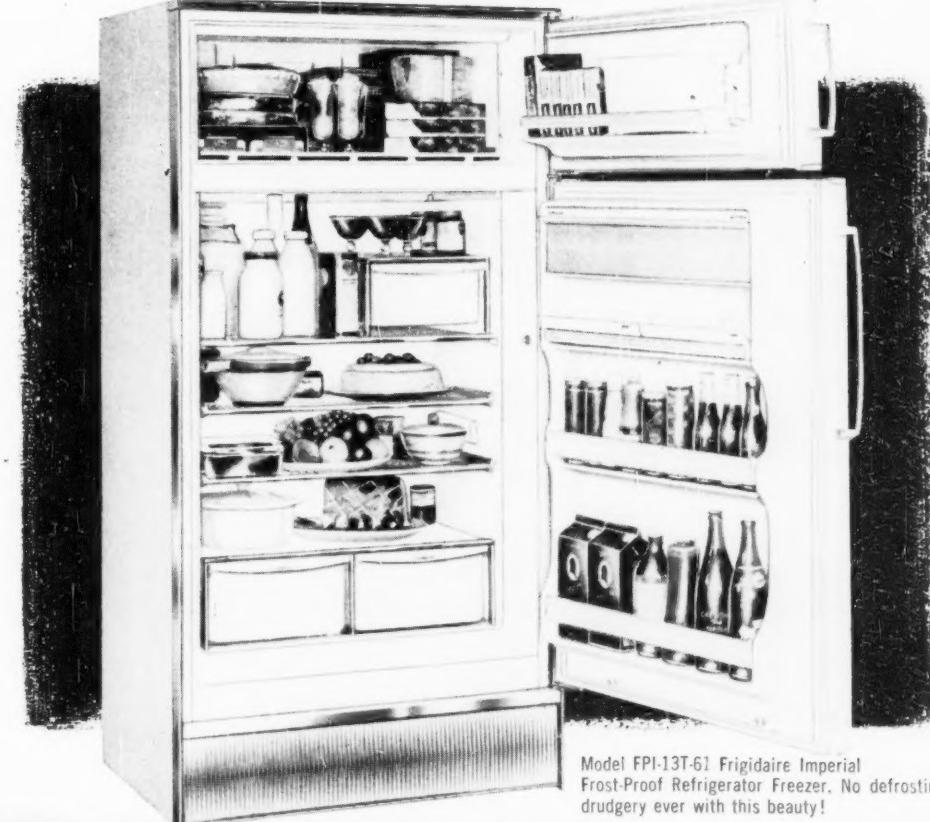
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a bank loan, a real blow because they are accustomed to borrowing at seeding time.

A case dragged through the court interminably this winter, as a result of the eviction of some seven hundred Negro sharecroppers from their homes in Fayette and Fayette counties. The Negroes, claiming they were being evicted because they had registered to vote, moved into an eye-catching tent city outside Somerville, the county town in Fayette.

White landowners protested that the evictions were the result of increased mechanization on farms and the government-ordered reduction of cotton crop acreage. A federal Court of Appeals in Cincinnati nevertheless ruled that no one can be evicted because of registering to vote. Enforcing the ruling is going to be a nasty business. Cotton and corn acreage decreases every year and man-saving methods of farming are spreading. Cotton picking is being done by machine now and a chemical spread on the ground during seeding prevents the growth of weeds and grass. Between 1954 and 1959, a census in Fayette County noted a drop of nearly eight hundred non-white farm operators. From now on, though, a superfluous sharecropper can raise a rumpus that will be heard coast to coast, if he happens to have registered to vote.

Many adults still use an X

Many of the injustices against registered Negroes are all too real. They do have trouble getting loans from banks, on which they depend at seeding time—"furnishing money," it's called—and they are badly treated by some merchants. My father, Edmond Taylor, was confused with an Edmund Taylor and included in a published list of businessmen who were discriminating against registered Negroes. My father was outraged and demanded a retraction from the newspaper, which he got. He wouldn't have any part of such retaliation, but it would never cross his mind to entertain a colored person in his home, or call him "Mister."

For all the mounting misdeeds of the whites to discourage the registering, I think the pressure being brought against the Negroes to influence them to register is equally appalling. Our cook Lila urgently advised my mother to remember to put a light in her window the night before the election.

"That shows you're going to vote," she explained worriedly. "If you don't you'll be fined two hundred and fifty dollars and they'll take away your old-age pension and social security."

As far as we know, most Negroes in Brownsville have been told the same nonsense. As a group they are baffled and frightened by official documents. If you can't read, you'll believe a lot of silly things. Until this present generation of children, Brownsville's colored population never considered going to school half as important as helping with the chores around the farm. As a result, many adults sign their name with an X.

Ballots in the last election were not infrequently found to have a check against every candidate's name, indicating there was no comprehension of voting and—probably—an inability to read. One colored woman remarked cheerfully to the poll supervisor, "Show me how to mark this for the mayor, cause he's going to send me a load of wood."

I'm alarmed when the privilege of voting falls so low. The right to vote is withheld from children until they are twenty-one, on the principle that they need the time to prepare for the responsibility of choosing a government. I think education

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should be made a requirement for voting in Tennessee immediately, and I have talked to Negroes who agree with me. They agree too that any such proposal would be branded as pure discrimination.

Only Southerners remember that after the Civil War the whites weren't allowed to vote — only the Negroes were. My great-grandfather, John A. Taylor, grumbled in his diary in 1868, "I am debarred the privilege of voting, while every Negro in the land enjoys it." Chaos prevailed, and murder and stealing for food were commonplace. The government of freed slaves, totally unprepared to handle their duties, made a shambles of the South. The vote was returned to the whites out of self-preservation, but the Negroes insisted on their rights: separate schools and churches. Because the Negroes were destitute, white landowners provided homes and farmland for the ex-slaves and advanced half the seed, in return for a proportion of the crop. Sharecropping has been a policy of Southern farming ever since.

This same great-grandfather once owned a hundred slaves. He bought his last one, Lot, in 1861 for nine hundred and fifty dollars. His diary is much admired in our family for its terse style — "Cannons firing in several directions today" is

PARADE

Motorized backscratcher

Think you have trouble with truck drivers? Look at the trouble truck drivers have with pedestrians! In St. John's, Newfoundland, a truck driver suffered his most harrowing moment after backing his truck a few feet from where it had been parked, when someone yelled, "You've run over a man." Racing to the back of his truck he blanched to see his victim knocked flat, but heaved a tremendous sigh of relief to find the pedestrian scrambling to his feet unhurt. Then when the man casually explained that he'd been scratching his back on the tailgate, the truck driver almost knocked him flat again.

a typical Civil War entry. The Taylors had come to the New World in the seventeenth century, and settled with the other English gentlemen-pioneers in Virginia. In 1817, a stern, freshly converted Methodist, the Rev. Howell Taylor, moved to Tennessee with his five sons and built a church at Brownsville and cleared the land for farming.

Today a quarter of the whites in Brownsville are Taylors, and a good number of Negroes took the name, for want of any other, when they were freed. Six generations of white and Negro Taylors have lived amicably side by side, until a few years ago. I was raised by a Negro mammy, an experience that makes life more beautiful. One of the enrichments is the wealth of delightful superstition. If I were given a rabbit foot today, I wouldn't believe in it for a moment — but I wouldn't throw it away.

The biggest fault I have to find with the present restless urge for improvement so evident in many Negroes is that the leaders are ignoring their past. There is no racial tradition or heritage, only fragments of history, no fond memorials to ancestors and old dignity. Uncle Remus is in disgrace because dialect is shameful. Black Sambo is banished from libraries. Even the warm, rich Southern humor is in disrepute, because it is languid.

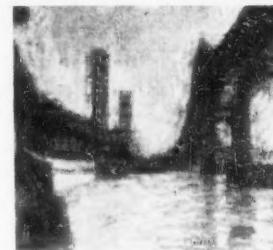
An old colored woman once told me serenely, "Thursday is my worryin' day. I worries every Thursday, then I don't

JOSEPH PLASKETT: Third in a series of new cover painters



On a recent visit to his home town, Joseph Plaskett — who since 1949 has lived in a Boulevard Saint Germain apartment on the Left Bank in Paris — painted his romantic impression of the two bridges that cross the Fraser at New Westminster. Plaskett was born in 1918. After graduating with honors in

history from UBC, he spent six years as a teacher. "Painting was my secret vice," he says, "and the Emily Carr scholarship in 1945 allowed me to abandon my misdirection." After study in B.C. and the U.S., he became, at 29, principal of the Winnipeg School of Art. Two years later he went to Paris.



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God's Only Gift Which ALL SHARE EQUALLY

Anyone can see, of course, that the good things of life are not equally distributed.

Some are born to good health; others with physical or mental afflictions. Some enjoy in abundance the fruits of God's earth; others struggle through a lifetime of poverty. The unscrupulous often gain wealth and power; the virtuous find "virtue its only reward."

An all-wise and just God would obviously not allow such inequalities to exist without providing for their ultimate compensation. And we have His Word as to how this justice will eventually be meted out to both the mighty and the meek, the rich and the poor, the evil and the virtuous.

In one thing only, does God make us all equal. To each of us He gives a soul... to each the promise of everlasting life. Where the durability of our body may affect the years and the joys of life on earth, the purity of our soul will alone determine our eternal destiny.

Because it is not a physical thing that can be seen or touched, some refuse to believe that there is a soul.

Others neglect its care even though lavishing attention upon the health, nutrition and beauty of the body, whose ultimate destiny is only dust.

Even if we choose to reject God's certain promise of judgment, reward and punishment... as related in both the Old and the New Testaments... common sense must tell us that we have an immortal soul. For unless we have a soul,

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What sort of country will Canada be when the young take charge? Two youthful Maclean's editors and a gallery of important people under 30 give a look at

THE YOUNG CANADIANS

In the next issue of **MACLEAN'S** On sale March 14

why should we have been endowed also with a conscience... why should we even *think* of trying to choose between right and wrong?

Conscience tells us that we must pay for our misdeeds. Yet in this life, the wicked are often the most prosperous; the just man the most afflicted. The world cannot compensate for such injustice, so where is justice to be done if not at the hands of God in the life after death which He has promised?

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have to worry again for a week." Another commented sagely, "You can't give your children what you ain't got, any more than you can come back from where you ain't been."

Around home, they amuse as much as they exasperate, which amounts to a lot of amusement. One Negro, a filthy, shabby man, comes into father's store every day. Father feeds him and always drives him home. Whenever this man gets any money, he spends it on John Ruskin cigars and Pepsi-Cola. One time my father was able to give the man a second-hand suit, in good condition. On his way proudly out of the store, the man encountered a friend who admired the suit. He promptly sold it for five dollars and returned to the counter. "I'll have a lot of John Ruskin cigars," he announced grandly, "and some Pepsi-Cola."

A social-worker friend of mine tells me of a visit to a colored woman who had eight or nine children. "Where's your husband?" she asked.

"I ain't got no husband," the woman replied, adding thoughtfully, "I guess it's time I got me a remedy." And I love the Negroes' elusive quality. A Negro never says "I live in . . ." he says "I stays there," as though he wasn't really attached to the earth.

The attitude toward children is casual. We asked our cook, who is beginning to feel her age, why she didn't live with one of her daughters. "I can't," she answered simply, "I give her away when she was a baby." Another woman took a philosophic view of her husband's living with the girl she had given her baby to. "They're just housekeepin'," she explained.

Perhaps because they never own their cabins, their attitude toward property is often devoid of pride or consideration. It's common for tenants to cut huge holes in screens put on windows, "to let in the air," and my father is still waiting for another tenant to come for a bed my father offered him. The man is living with his wife and three children in a cabin whose entire furnishings are a bed and two chairs.

The carelessness extends to their working habits, which are infuriatingly slow and sloppy. A landowner friend of mine tells me that the frequent breakdowns of the mechanical equipment he supplies to his tenants are due to deliberate malice.

but I know much of it is disinclination to learn the proper care of machines. My cleaning woman in Toronto does far more work in a day than a Southern servant does in three.

It comes back, always, to education. Without education there is no illumination of morality, industry, even of self-respect. The Negro high school in Brownsville has more teachers with university degrees than the white high school has, but I'm told by educators that Negro college degrees are often inferior to those from white colleges. The level of education is shockingly low and the respect for learning close to nil. The heavy emphasis being placed on the Negro's getting to the polling booths might better be placed, I think, on raising the standard of Negro schools and urging parents to send their children regularly.

Integration of schools, which seems such a masterstroke of a solution to Northerners, isn't as eagerly desired by colored people as it may seem. Arthur, who has lived with us all his life, was distressed by the idea. "My children won't pass in a white school," he argued, "and they haven't got good enough clothes." The principal of the Negro high school was equally troubled. His teachers he feared, wouldn't meet white standards; they might lose their jobs.

I've often been asked in Toronto if there are signs of change for the better in the South, now that integration has begun. It's only a small thing, but I have observed what might be a beginning. When I was a tiny child, every Negro called me "Miss Aileen" and I am called that today. But my son is called "David" or "L'il David," never Master David. My father would never allow me to play with colored children—"they're dirty," he informed me. He asked why I was allowing David to play with anyone he chose.

"I just can't think of any reason to give him for not playing with Negras," I told him. "I'd have to say 'because they're black,' and I won't do that."

Father accepted this at once. "Times are changing," he reflected.

Mother, whose childhood games with colored children fell without question into the pattern of her playing the lady of the house and they the servants, is less dispassionate in her attitude. She believes the NAACP is full of Communists, a con-



"Can't you shut her up?"

viction shared by most whites in the South, and often proclaims that she wishes the North would stop interfering. "I'm not up there telling them to clean up the Chicago slums," she points out hotly. One time she remarked furiously, "There isn't a Negra in Fayette County that I don't think more of than I do of Mrs. Roosevelt."

I remember one afternoon when I was a child a Negro professor addressed a women's group in Brownsville on the subject of problems colored people would be facing in the future. His dearest hope, it appeared, was that one day Negro would be spelled with a capital N.

Without the emergence of organizations like NAACP and hot editorial opinion in Northern newspapers, I don't know if the Negro position in the South would have progressed much past this modest ambition. At present, though, the whites I know are beginning to think about discrimination for the first time and they recognize its unfairness. They agree it's wrong for the Sears store in Memphis, for instance, to make every counter in the place accessible to colored people except the lunch counter. Most of my father's friends, like him, give a cold ear to the busybodies who circulate lists of register-

PARADE

Keeping an ear to the ground

Starting off to visit neighbors in the family Volkswagen, a Worthington, Ont., man admonished his wife, "Be absolutely quiet now!" Suddenly cutting the switch, he braked to a fast stop and cocked his head. Came a loud sloshing from the gas tank and he exclaimed: "Fine — we'll have enough gas for the trip."

ed Negroes and ask storekeepers to turn them away. The money now being invested in colored schools is an expensive effort to atone for long neglect.

But love can be written in every law-book in the country and it still won't work until people feel it. The change long overdue in the South is going to be brought about by education of the colored people — and by time. It's moving at last and I don't think it will ever stop, but the danger of pushing it has me terrified.

I hear stories about a white Citizens Committee, a more furtive, lethal group than the Ku Klux Klan by all reports, but I couldn't find a single white person in Brownsville who would admit it exists. Less concealed is a Negro group, the Civic Welfare League. Under the surface of these bland names, and the pleasant faces of people I thought I knew, something dreadful is growing. I fear a bloody tragedy is imminent in the South.

My most upsetting brush with evidence of this came in an idle conversation with a man who used to be a favorite beau of mine. He observed that it was a lucky thing a rapist recently convicted in the town was white.

"If he'd been a Negra," he explained, "he'd have been lynched."

I was shocked. "You can't mean it," I said. "Surely decent people like you would never let such a thing happen."

"Aileen," he said coldly. "I'd be leading that lynch mob."

I only hope people of commonsense, men like my father and the Negro high-school teacher, will be able to do the right thing at the right time if violence does come.

It's our only hope, but right now the South is permeated with the noise of a rabble, growing louder all the time. ★



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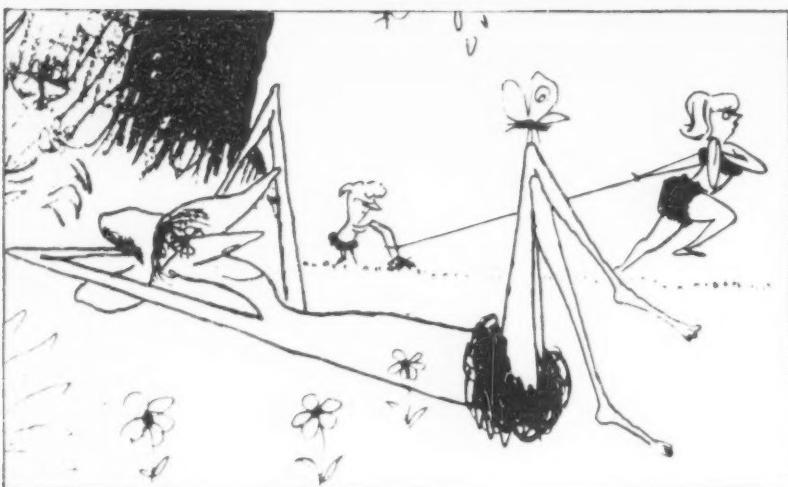
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*Gilbey's Smooth
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Live a rented life continued from page 19

A drawerful of white shirts rents for \$2 a week, a 110-seat Britannia airliner for \$1,370 an hour

Because of Zelda Eden, no Toronto man need ever own a shirt, yet he can still look like a collar ad. Energetic Mrs. Eden's Shirt Rental Plan collects a ten-dollar deposit and immediately provides a client with eleven new white shirts. Each week thereafter, for two dollars a week, the firm delivers five freshly laundered shirts and collects the soiled ones, replacing them with new ones when necessary. Mrs. Eden says most customers are bachelors "or young couples with a houseful of youngsters. One mother with six little ones found her ironing backbreaking until she heard of us."

Nothing is too large or too small to be rented, chartered or leased, it appears. In 1955 the Toronto Junior Board of Trade chartered a train for the cross-country junket to the Grey Cup game, and the chartering of commercial airliners by sports teams and fans is commonplace. The Toronto Argonauts' executive chartered a 72-seat DC-6B from Canadian Pacific Airlines for last year's Grey Cup festivities in Vancouver and the Junior Board took a 110-seat Britannia-full of fans. CPA usually charges \$685 an hour for the DC-6B and \$1,370 for the larger Britannia. For a hop from Toronto to Vancouver and back, the rate is \$13,500 flat for the DC-6B and \$18,000 for the turbo-prop. If you want to charter a train you pay the basic rail fare plus the regular charge for the type of space, lower berth, drawing room, roomette and so on. Thus you pay precisely the rate you'd pay on an individual basis.

Leasing of office equipment is catching on fast in Canada, according to Canadian-Dominion Leasing Corporation, which set up shop in Toronto in 1959. Unlike less versatile lessors of industrial equipment, Canadian-Dominion offers "everything from office furniture to jet aircraft," says its president, John Evans. Clients choose what they want, send the bill to Canadian-Dominion, then pay rent monthly, leaving their own capital free and writing rentals off as an expense before income tax.

The firm is an offshoot of the United States Leasing Corporation. Leasing is a new concept of financing in Canada but has been in operation for more than eight years in the U.S. Canadian-Dominion seldom sees the equipment, doesn't want to. The lessee chooses the equipment, Canadian-Dominion buys it, and the monthly rental rates are \$35 per \$1,000 cost of the equipment over a three-year period, or \$23.50 over five years. On deals involving \$25,000 or more, or with regular clients, the company pares the rental rate to about an even eight percent. The firm's top order so far has been for machinery worth more than \$400,000, though it's currently negotiating an \$800,000 whopper.

"There are no catches," says Evans, the president. "The important point is that the leased equipment must be capable of making more money than the fees we charge. We don't want to repossess from people unable to stay in business. From the lessee's viewpoint, the advantages are that payments are a deductible expense, there's a faster-than-normal write-off of equipment, and he has dollars available for use in other ways."

On an individual level, the renting of small aircraft is a growing business. Russell Graul Jr. of Montreal, division manager of Electrolux (Canada) Limited, rents a four-place Mooney Mark 20A for \$20 an hour, flies it himself to call on salesmen in Ottawa, Kingston, Trenton, Oshawa, Belleville, London, Windsor and Chatham. In December Graul flew 3,600 miles in his single-engine aircraft, which has a cruising speed of 180 miles an hour.

Graul rents from Frank Ogden, who went into the aircraft rental business nearly two years ago in Toronto's suburban Scarborough. Ogden is experiencing a growing call for helicopters, which he rents at \$50 an hour. He recommends that renters take on a pilot, at \$10 an hour.

Ogden operates across Canada, sighting schools of fish for fishermen off Vancouver Island, doing aerial photography over the Arctic for a government department in Ottawa, and making timber surveys in Ontario.

"The chopper's greatest advantage is in crop-dusting," says Ogden, a stocky ex-RCAF flight engineer. "An ordinary plane must bank in a wide turn after dusting one row before it can come back to dust another. It misses the corners. The chopper simply pivots, spreading insecticide everywhere. More important, the rotor causes a downblast of air that hits the ground and bounces the liquid onto the underside of the leaves where the bugs are."

A market for almost everything

Possibly the most bizarre rental scheme ever undertaken in this country came from the nimble brain of Alan Walker, then managing editor of The Varsity, the University of Toronto's newspaper. Confronted by a hole an inch deep and two columns wide on his front page as the deadline approached last winter, Walker inserted this notice:

RENT A BEATNIK
LIVEN UP YOUR NEXT PARTY

Then he appended his own phone number and a name he plucked from nowhere, Gellelyn Ignatzo.

The telephone began to jump. Walker stalled callers until the Toronto Telegram phoned, requesting a story and picture. Walker, who did part-time space work for the newspaper, recalls that his eyes must have gleamed as he envisioned making \$15 for contributing the story. He looked around the Varsity office and spotted Susan Kastner, whom he describes as "blond and built."

"You want to be a beat and make a few bucks?" he enquired.

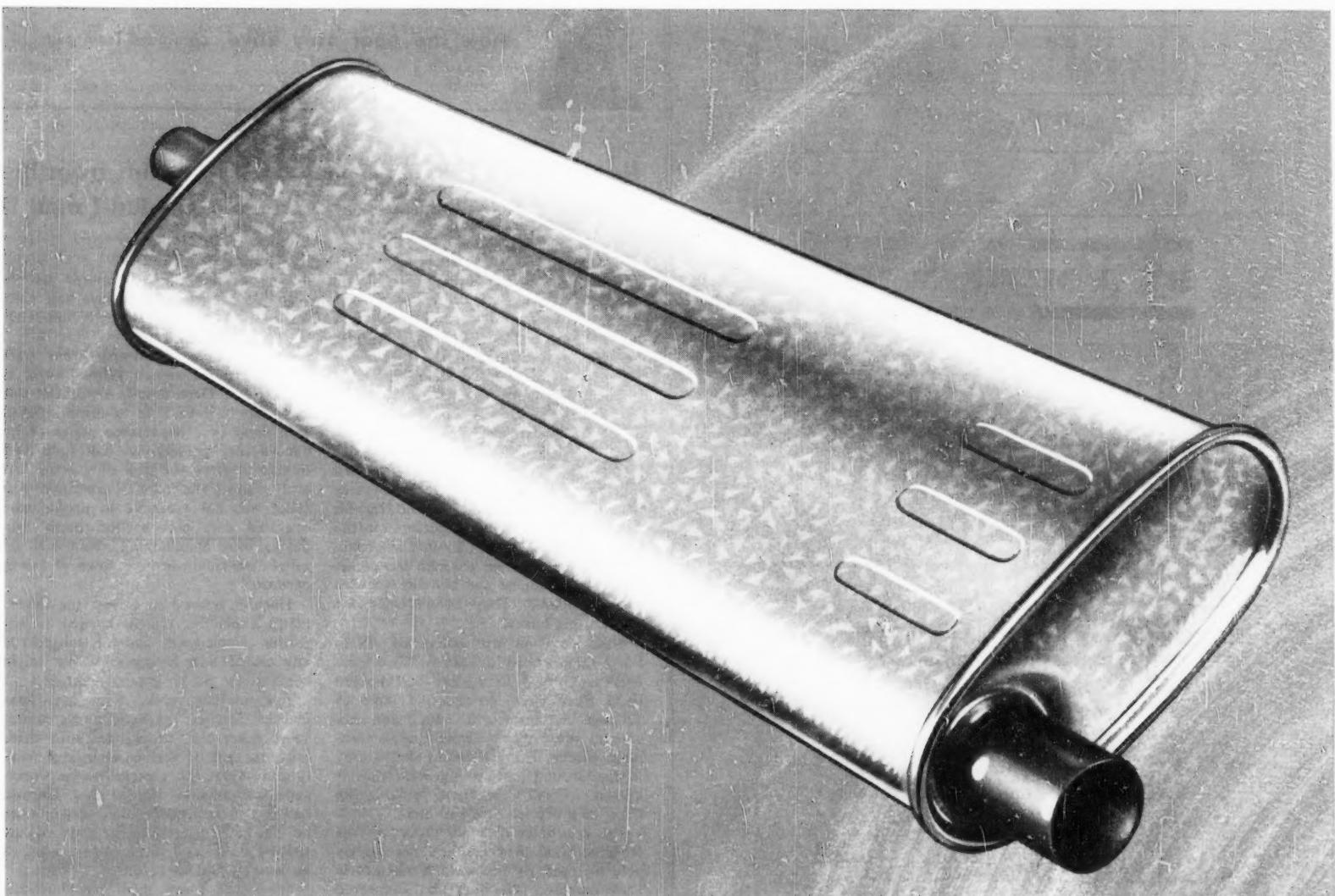
Susan agreed, adopted the name Ries Karvanaque, and the Tely ran the story and her picture.

This, in turn, elicited the interest of Tabloid, a CBC television program, Life magazine, and a call from Dave Garraway, an NBC television performer in New York.

"Fortunately," Walker recalls, "Susan plays a guitar. On the Garraway show she played it and recited a beatnik poem."

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INFLAMMATORY

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BY A MERE MAN

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SHOULD BE
ABOLISHED!"**

By Charles Lynch

Don't get excited, ladies! Get March Chatelaine and read right through this controversial article. You'll find your scorn turning to admiration for his ideas—and your wisdom.

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**"I'M GLAD I KEPT MY
ILLEGITIMATE CHILD"**

WHY I LEFT CANADA

Mordecai Richler

MARCH
CHATELAINE
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**ONLY 15 CENTS
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Actually, the poem was from *When We Were Very Young*, by A. A. Milne, the Winnie-the-Pooh man. Susan went on to say that Milne was really the first of the beats. She was such a hit that people sent in poems for her to recite, and she appeared on the Garroway show again. This time she read a poem called Fried Shoes, submitted by a Montreal admirer. Then we heard Paar was interested."

Things began to get further out of hand when a Life photographer wanted to make pictures at a party to which Susan had been rented. Friends hurriedly arranged to stage one, and the Life man

took half a dozen rolls of film, as Walker recalls it.

Then Time carried the story of the Canadian beatnik who was working her way through college by renting herself out for poetry-with-guitar, and meanwhile calls kept coming in from people who wanted to rent her.

"One guy wanted her to go to Port Arthur," says Walker, "but we sat tight. She never did actually rent herself out. After all, she only knew a couple of poems."

Just goes to show you, though. You can rent *almost* anything. ★



How the poor stay alive continued from page 14

He was destitute, but pickets barred him from his jobless-pay book and the company wouldn't mail it

couldn't draw benefits because technically he was on strike. So with his wife he lined up for two hours at the Department of Public Welfare to apply for local relief. Here officials said they could not advance payments without seeing Harnish's unemployment insurance book. This was back in the offices of the lumber yard. When Harnish went to collect it the pickets would not let him pass. Harnish telephoned a clerk in the lumber yard office and asked for his unemployment book to be mailed. The clerk said Harnish would have to apply in person for the book and sign a receipt for it. Once again Harnish failed to get through the picket line. That night he and his wife went to bed bewildered. They hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours.

Next day, on the advice of neighbors, they visited a church. The minister took them to a store and bought them three days' groceries. Unable to get his unemployment book, and unable to draw money from any government source, Harnish began that dreary trudge around welfare agencies that is known to every indigent, picking up items of groceries here and there.

He encountered Mary Jury at the Neighborhood Workers and her agency paid his rent. By this time it was nearly Christmas and Miss Jury had discovered that Harnish and his wife were showing signs of serious malnutrition. Furthermore neither of them had any winter clothing, apart from topcoats. Harnish was still in jeans and his wife still in cotton dresses.

After many telephone calls Miss Jury persuaded a union official to accompany Harnish through the picket line to get his unemployment book. This was done between Christmas and New Year. On December 30, Harnish took his book to the Public Welfare Department, hoping to draw local relief. He was given a yellow form and told to take it to the Unemployment Insurance Commission and get it signed. The form, when signed, would assure the Welfare Department that Harnish had not drawn any unemployment insurance.

Harnish did as he was bid. But when he returned to the Welfare Department it was 2:35 in the afternoon and the office was closed for the New Year's holiday.

"If friends had not invited us for New Year's dinner we'd have had nothing to eat over the holiday," Mrs. Harnish told me.

On January 2, Harnish went once more, with the signed yellow form, to the Welfare Department. An official told him that he'd be able to draw relief if he'd hand over the license plates of his car—a car, incidentally, that he'd been unable to drive for lack of gas for several weeks. The official explained that relief was not available to people who operated cars because too many taxpayers were complaining about men on relief "joy-riding around town at public expense."

Harnish refused to deliver the license plates, explaining that he needed the car for his crippled wife and for transport to any casual floor-laying jobs that might come along. So he got no relief.

For another week, John and Joan Harnish lived on bread, potatoes, canned soup, macaroni, cocoa, tea and dried milk, the gift of various charitable institutions. Then the Unemployment Insurance Commission decided that Harnish had never really been on strike since he had never been a member of the striking union and that on these grounds he was entitled to benefits.

When last I saw them the Harnishes were living on about a hundred dollars a month unemployment insurance. Because they had allowed their provincial hospital premiums to lapse during their months of poverty, they were faced with the prospect of Mrs. Harnish's medical expenses when their baby is born.

Not all young couples on relief have such a bright little home as the Harnishes. Philip and Jacqueline Kiltz, who are in their early thirties and are the parents of a two-year-old girl, live with an elderly couple in a crumbling four-room house on Markham Street in west-central Toronto.

Their share of the rent is \$52 a month. They must pay for the fuel for the stove that warms their sitting room. This room contains nothing more than a battered sofa, an aged radio, and a fairly new television set, the property of the older couple, who claim the privilege of joining the Kiltzes to watch the shows. In return Mrs. Kiltz shares the stove and the refrigerator in the kitchen.

where the other couple normally live. Upstairs are two bedrooms and a cold-water bathroom.

When I visited Mrs. Kiltz she was burning cardboard cartons for fuel, cartons she'd begged from a nearby grocery because she'd run out of money for coal. The Kiltzes receive local relief of ninety-three dollars a month plus family allowance for the child, making a total of ninety-nine. If they buy coal all the time it costs them twenty dollars a month, leaving them, after paying rent, only twenty-eight for food and other expenses.

Mrs. Kiltz wore cotton slacks, a cotton sweater and summer shoes, the only decent garments she has besides a fall-weight coat. The child was running about in socks because she has no shoes. Kiltz, who was out looking for work, wore all the top clothes he owns, a woollen shirt, jeans, a leather jacket and shoes.

Mrs. Kiltz is Canadian-born; her husband is a German immigrant, twelve years in this country. By trade he is a cement worker. He has been unemployed for more than eighteen months. Every morning he looks for work. He eats one meal daily at the Scott Mission. Then he tours the welfare agencies, begging groceries for his family. The family lives largely on soups made from chicken necks and backs and from the fat bony cuts of meat that can be obtained for about twenty-five cents a pound.

Mary Jury says: "Mr. Kiltz is a proud man who feels ashamed of his position. It is most harmful to him psychologically. He finds it very difficult to apply to us for help." Mrs. Kiltz says: "My husband is a good man, and a hard worker. Every day he comes home frozen from job hunting. Sometimes our troubles make him a bit ugly."



How Estevan got its name

If there's such a thing as a synthetic place-name, that's exactly what CPR pioneers manufactured for one of their southern Saskatchewan whistle-stops when they ran out of conventional names. Sir George Stephen and Sir William Van Horne used the final "e" of George, the first three letters of Stephen and the "van" by which Sir William was known. Result: Estevan.

The most cheerful man I met on local relief was Charlie Trout, a husky, twenty-eight-year-old unemployed laborer who lives with his pretty blond wife Agnes and four happy-looking children in a shabby flat in a ramshackle house flanking the roaring truck traffic of Toronto's Front Street. Every member of the family was clean and tidy but in summer-weight clothes. Even so, their kitchen-sitting room was alive with flies. The insects get in during the summer from the filth of nearby junkyards and factories and the eggs hatch out all winter in the heat of the radiator.

Trout, who blithely admitted to being a reform-school graduate, is obviously devoted to his children, and they to him. "I ran wild when I was a kid," he said, "because my mother was an invalid in hospital. My father and my sister, who is twenty years older than I am, were too busy working to keep me under control. But since I married eight years ago I've never been in trouble."

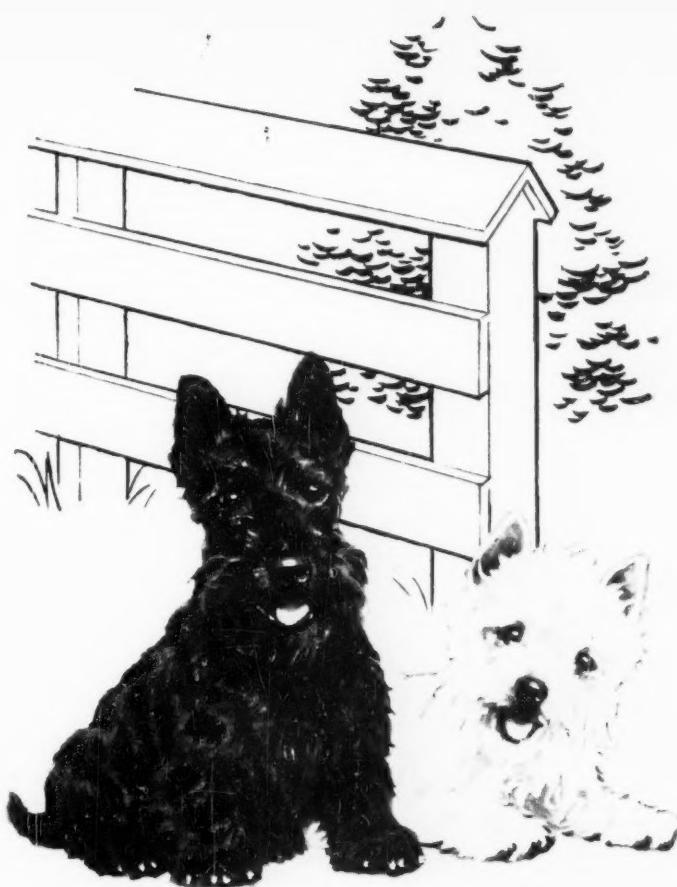
Trout finds that his reform-school record makes him only marginally employable. He receives a hundred and forty-four dollars a month in local relief. His rent is eighty dollars. He has six mouths to feed on the remaining sixty-four dollars, which is about half the amount regarded as necessary by the Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto. Trout ekes it out by applying for food and clothing to the welfare agencies, by serving as a private in the reserve army, and by getting as many odd jobs as he can.

"Last fall," he says, "I got a job loading trucks at a dollar an hour, five hours a night. When I reported it to the Department of Public Welfare they said they'd have to cut all my pay off my relief because the job was not casual labor. It would have cost me money to work, so I dropped it. You just can't win."

While Trout has known job insecurity all his adult life and looks upon the condition with a wry philosophy, unemployment came as a great shock to Gordon Izzard, who lives in a broken-down five-room house by the railway tracks on Palmerston Avenue. Izzard, who is forty-five, worked for fifteen years at the Gutta Percha rubber plant. His father worked for the same company for forty years, and two of his brothers put in more than twenty years each. When the company closed down eleven months ago, blaming Japanese competition, Izzard was stunned by his inability to find other work.

He and his wife, Jean, have six children, all under thirteen. In their home there are signs of past prosperity—a television set, a refrigerator, a washing machine and a stove, all very much worn. A once good matching set of armchairs and a sofa are sagging and torn. The furnace no longer works, and the house is heated by a coal stove in the sitting room. The gas has been turned off because Izzard owes a thirty-dollar gas bill and his wife must cook on a wood stove. The telephone has been cut off.

Until recently Izzard received the maximum local relief of a hundred and eighty dollars a month. His rent is seventy-five. Coal and light bring up his total shelter expenses to a hundred. Four children of school age, all growing fast, make clothing problems a nightmare. "Often," Mrs. Izzard told me, "we have to keep one of the children away from school until we've managed to get a coat or a pair of shoes from the Neighborhood Workers' Association or the Scott Mission or the Salvation Army."



"6 o'clock!... time master was home"

To add to the joys of home-coming, relax and enjoy the smooth and mellow flavour of 'Black & White', a superb Scotch that pleases your taste. Famous the world over, 'Black & White' has all the distinction and gentleness of Scotch at its very best.

The Secret is in the Blending

Black & White Scotch Whisky is blended from a selection of Scotland's finest individual whiskies. It's famous the world over for its distinctive character and unvarying flavor. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Available in several sizes.

By Appointment
to Her Majesty The Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co., Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE' SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"

D-321M



For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

sweepers. First-rate sweeping has absolutely no connection with the leisurely dabbing and scraping and fanning which Ethel, George and I use as a compromise between freezing to death and collapsing of a heart attack. First-rate sweeping calls not only for genuine skill, but a good cardiac chart.

The first of the rule changes recommended here would stipulate that only one member of a team could sweep any given rock. The good sweepers would still be better than the bad ones and, other things being equal, would still win more than half their games. But their advantage would not be nearly so great as it is now. Equally important, even the athletes would have an occasional chance to come and sit down beside Ethel and George and me while we all catch our breath.

The other rule change recommended here would further curtail the method of delivery known as the slide. A curler starts to throw his rock from a recess in the ice called a hack. He himself usually comes out of the hack still holding—i.e., sliding with—the rock and before he finally releases it he is allowed to accompany the rock to a maximum of thirty-three feet, or roughly a quarter of its intended journey.

Before the slide reached its present peak of perfection the accepted method of delivery was to stand erect and manly in the hack, try to avoid dropping the rock on your foot, and then start hollering "Sweep!" Today's young athletes go gliding down the ice as well balanced and graceful as Lohengrin riding the swan-boat. This, again, involves a form of sheer animal heroics that is almost automatically beyond the grasp of anyone born earlier than Frank Mahovlich, and further lengthens the odds against the game's already burdened elders. Outlaw the slide wholly, I say, or cut it down to at the most six feet. This, together with the recommended limit on sweeping, might leave the young acrobats feeling cheated or frustrated at first, but they'd be piling up a recoverable dividend against the years when they, too, begin growing old ungraciously. ★



MACLEAN'S

"Your head X-ray shows nothing . . ."

Cadillac girl likes Canadian West!

When Canadian Travel Bureau advertising caught the interest of Mrs. Mildred Lamlein (who is with the Cadillac Motor Division of GM in Detroit) she became intrigued with the idea of getting a car in Edmonton, driving to Jasper National Park for a few days, then south to Banff—finally leaving the car in Calgary.

With a friend, Mrs. Florence Orloff, she went to Edmonton and rented a Chevrolet. Shortly after her return

home, the coast-to-coast car rental firm from whom she obtained the car, received a letter full of enthusiasm about the Canadian people, the Canadian scenery, and the trip in general.

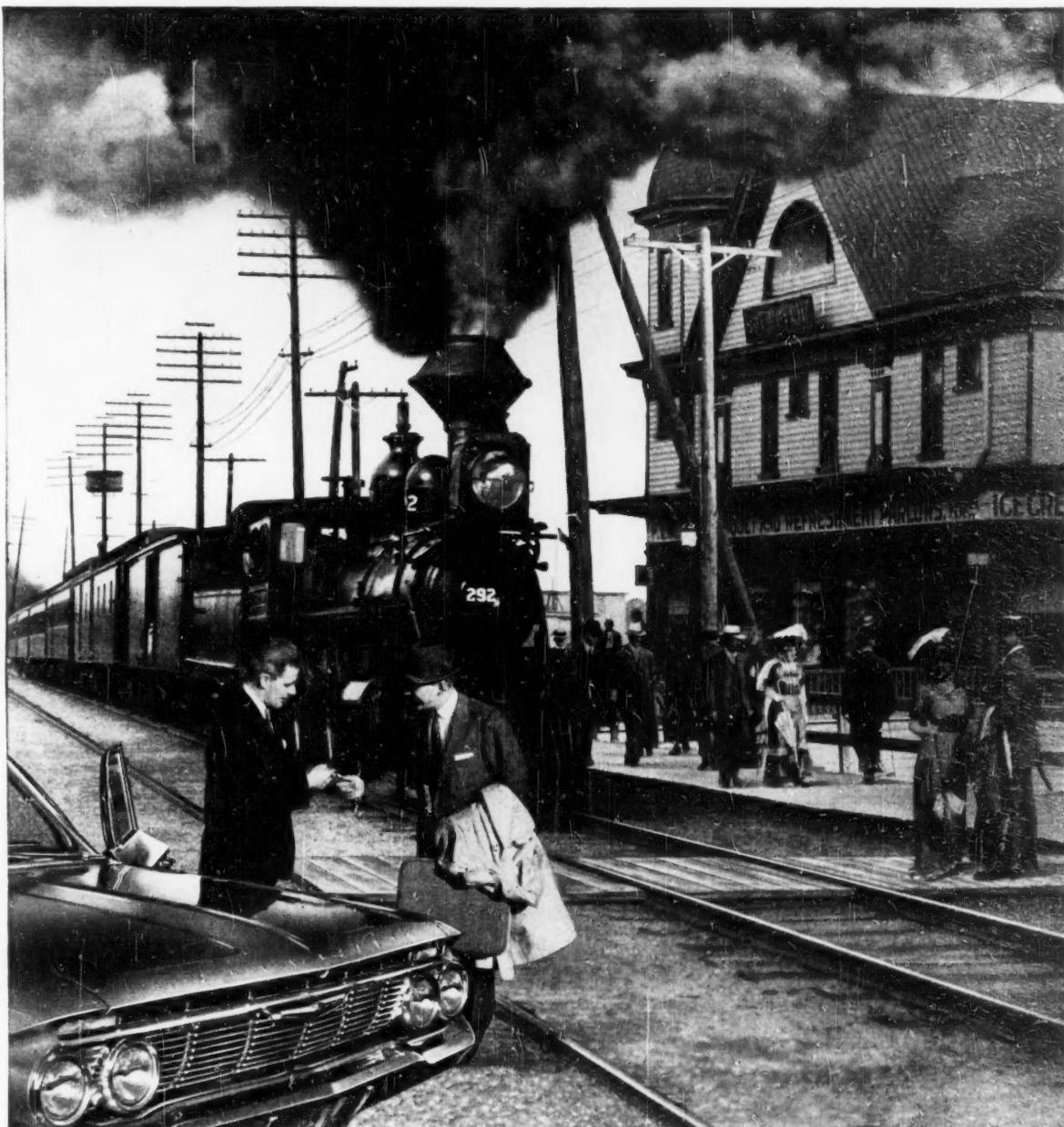
"While at Jasper" she wrote, "your Don Yeager sold us tickets for the Maligne Lake Trip—which we highly recommend. At Banff, your Mr. Paul Monk checked the idling speed of the car for us, as it was a little fast.

"Your man at Calgary Airport, when

settling our bill, was surprised at the low gas consumption for the mileage driven (about 1,300 miles). Of course this speaks well for the GM product!

"Our trip as a whole was perfect. Many laughs, fun, wonderful hotels, excellent food. We met many nice people and above all, enjoyed good driving and good roads. You can be assured that we will always mention the Tilden System when talking about our wonderful Canadian holiday."

You're years ahead with Tilden



Background from the James collection of early Canadiana

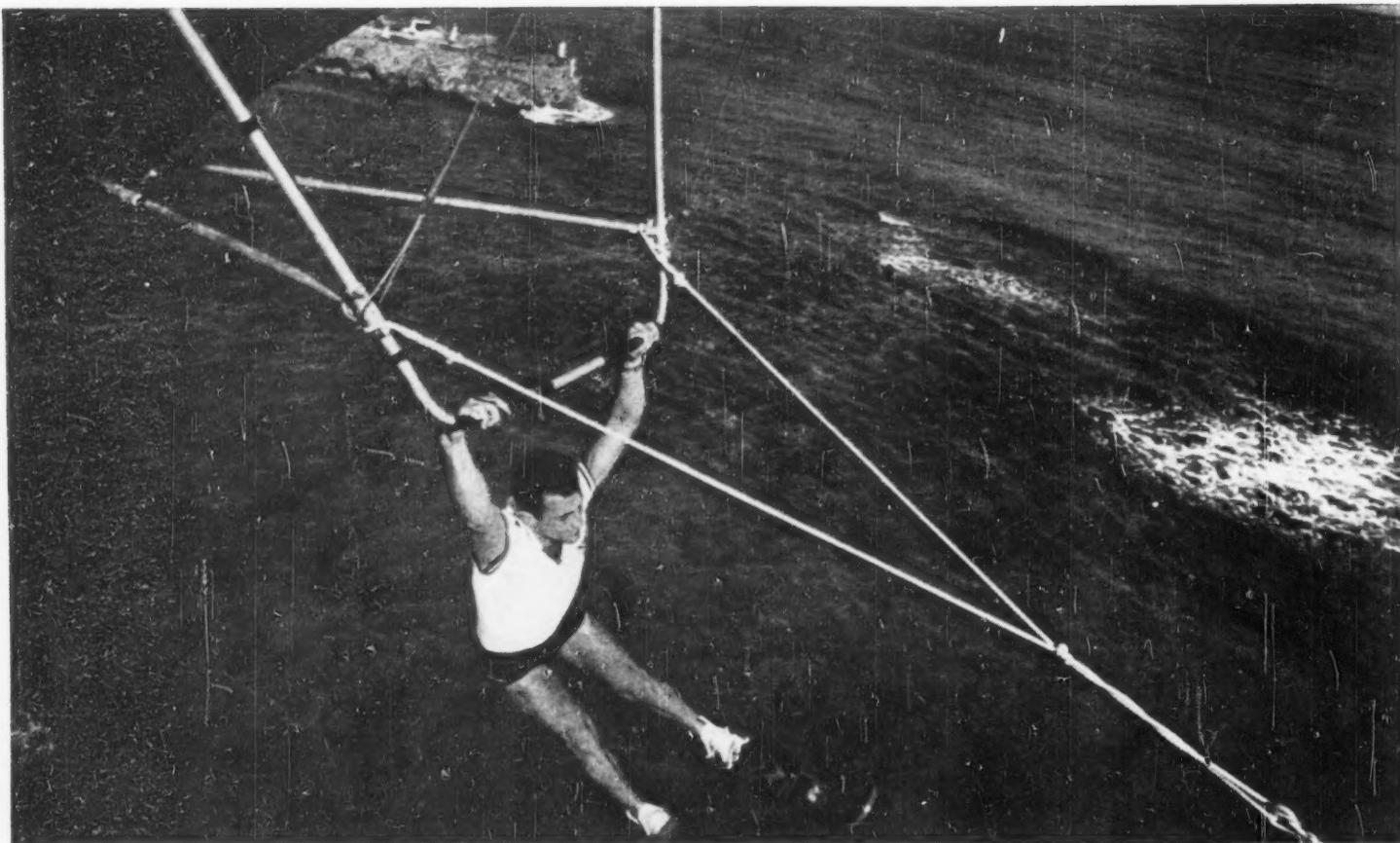
No huffing, no puffing

when you travel *today!* You step from your streamlined diesel and just naturally head for the nearest TILDEN sign — because you know you'll get a brand new Chevrolet or Pontiac. There's a TILDEN station close to all the main railway terminals in Canada and at all airports. In fact, TILDEN has more locations (187 from coast to coast) than any

other rent-a-car system in the country — and hundreds of world-wide affiliates, including National Car Rentals in the U.S.A. Costs no more, of course, to reserve a car in advance through your local TILDEN station.

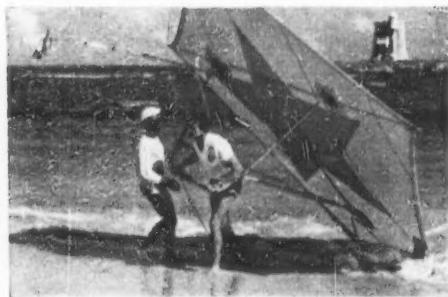
TILDEN the CANADIAN name in world-wide car rentals

SYSTEM HEAD OFFICE: 1194 STANLEY STREET, MONTREAL

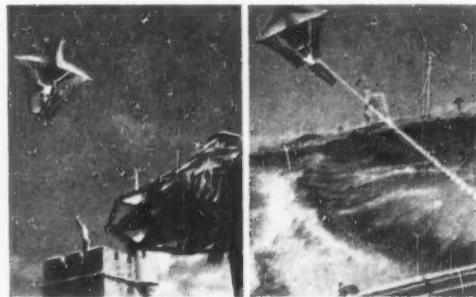


Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

When they say "Go fly a kite" in Jamaica...they're not kidding!



2. "The boom camera attached to the kite was a threat to my balance. What's more, I had a long way to go. From take-off to landing was over a mile. And up where I was going, one mistake could be my undoing!"



3. "As I swooped toward the tower, a strong blast forced me up and I managed to clear it with inches to spare. Almost as suddenly, I lost altitude. What with surface winds and blinding spray, it was pretty much touch-and-go until my skis slapped water at last."

1. "Jumping from a cliff with a beach umbrella wouldn't scare me at all after this Jamaican high-jump," writes Simon Khoury, a friend of Canadian Club from Cypress Gardens. "I'm an old hand with water skis and big kites, but managing both at 50 m.p.h. and leap-frogging an island—was more than I bargained for. Without warning, the kite filled with wind and yanked me 100 feet in the air. I went up like a shot. Only then did I see I was headed straight for the island's tower!"

4. "Back on my own two feet at the nearby Arawak Hotel, I joined in a toast to happy landings past and future. The drink? Happily, it was my old favourite, Canadian Club."

If by this whisky's world-wide popularity. It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long... in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club yourself and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

"IN 87 LANDS... 'THE BEST IN THE HOUSE'"
Canadian Club™
A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF
HIRAM WALKER
AND SONS LIMITED
DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 100 YEARS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY

BACKGROUND

The new journalism: the critics criticize each other

A new breed of radio-newspaper journalist — self-styled pundits who fill airtime and columns with few facts and much criticism about everything and everybody — has lately dominated the Toronto scene. Since controversy is their stock-in-trade, and since several of them double as newspaper critics, radio commentators and TV performers, they inevitably end up criticizing each other.

Pierre Berton, best known elsewhere in Canada for his appearances on the TV panel show *Front Page Challenge*, gets in the most digs locally, in a daily column in the Toronto Star and on 12 brief broadcasts a day over radio station CHUM. Another *Challenge* panelist, Gordon Sinclair, writes a weekly show-business column in the Star and broadcasts showbusiness gossip daily from station CFRB. Nathan Cohen, referee of CBC's *Fighting Words*, is the Star's entertainment editor and author of an acid column of criticism. Bill Drylie, formerly entertainment editor of the Star, is news editor of CHUM and self-appointed critic of Toronto newspapers. Roy Shields, a Star writer, is also a TV critic on CHUM.

Usually they all give and take criticism with professional aplomb, but things got out of hand recently when a newcomer, Bob Blackburn, radio-TV critic for the Star, wrote a sour column about CHUM's programming, especially its rock 'n' roll. Drylie complained to Nathan Cohen. Cohen, as entertainment editor, agreed to make changes in the second edition. When the second edition came out, Alan Waters, owner of CHUM, hit the roof. Cohen's changes had made Blackburn's column more damning than ever. Waters called on the Star's president, Joseph Atkinson, for what was apparently an unsatisfactory discussion; soon the two sides were talking to—and through—their lawyers.

Then Roy Shields made a CHUM broadcast poking fun at *Live a Borrowed Life*, a panel show on which his own boss at the Star, Charles Templeton, is moderator. Shields said, tongue-in-cheek, that the show is scripted (it isn't) and the panelists use teleprompters (they don't). Templeton phoned Drylie to ask what Shields had said. Drylie offered to call back and let Templeton hear a tape of the broadcast. Instead, Drylie called to say that CHUM's lawyers had advised him not to play the tape for anybody: the CBC was threatening CHUM with a lawsuit.

Templeton, figuring the fuss was worth a story in the Star, put a reporter to work on it. The reporter, John Brehl, asked for a comment from Shields. Shields, acting on Drylie's advice, refused at first, then yielded to pressure from his bosses at the Star. The Star story quoted Shields as saying he had intended his remarks only as "gentle satire." Then, to appease the CBC, CHUM made Shields broadcast a retraction and an apology.

As talk of libel suits abated, Drylie



TEMPLETON, COHEN, DRYLIE: Now who's suing whom?

made a broadcast (1) roasting the Star's Saturday entertainment section (formerly edited by Drylie, now by Cohen); (2) sneering at the Star's coverage of the Santa Maria piracy story; (3) predicting Pierre Berton would flop as a guest on the Jack Kane TV show. Things were back to normal.

The move to emancipate student nurses

While medical science has made astounding progress since the days of Florence Nightingale, nurses have not. Most of the estimated 100,000 nurses working in Canada today earned their degrees under an apprenticeship system run by the hospitals, and most of the present 15,000 trainees will get their RNs the same way. (The exceptions are student nurses in universities; but in Ontario, for instance, they make up only 4% of all trainees.)

Although they get classroom instruction as well, the students in the hospitals remain at the beck and call of ward supervisors, as makers of beds and emptiers of bedpans — necessary chores but hardly calculated to attract recruits or teach them the finer points of medical practice. And often there is little relation between what a girl is learning in lectures and what she is doing the rest of the day—or night—in the ward. She may, as one Ontario nurse did, spend six months working in a maternity ward before hearing her first lecture on childbirth.

But this training system may soon begin to disappear because:

✓ hospital administrators are beginning to think nursing students aren't the cheap labor they appear to be. Typically, a student nurse receives only room, board and a uniform. Nevertheless, says Gladys Sharpe, a senior nursing consultant with the Ontario Hospital Services Commission, "a good school of nursing today is not the economic asset it once was." Three years ago, a survey of Saskatchewan's ten nursing schools showed that eight were losing money; training cost more than the value of students' ward work. Similar evidence is expected to come out of a survey now being compiled in Ontario.

✓ in competition for recruits, nursing has been losing out to such professions as teaching. In 1950, nursing schools in Ontario attracted nearly 60% more

girls than teachers' colleges did. By 1959, the ratio was reversed.

✓ though traditionally timid about their professional rights, registered nurses are beginning to believe that they, and not hospitals, should set the curriculum and standards for their own profession, just as doctors do.

Those are some of the reasons why nurses and hospital administrators all over Canada are watching the progress of the Nightingale School of Nursing, which began its first classes in Toronto last fall. It is the only school in Canada offering an RN degree in two years (instead of the customary three), yet its curriculum has the broad scope of a university course.

More significantly, the school, sponsored by the Ontario Hospital Services Commission, is run by nurses and is independent of the hospital where its students get their practical training. They enter New Mount Sinai Hospital with instructions from their teachers—not from hospital authorities—about where they will work and what they will see. Instead of doing menial chores, each girl assists a registered nurse, learning the practical side of subjects she is studying in the classroom. The girls pay \$100 a year for the course, and the school provides room and board.

If the new system works as well as its proponents hope, it could spread quickly and solve several old problems. Hospitals would get better-trained nurses without the burden of training them. The resulting savings would benefit patients and the public at large, who ultimately pay for all hospital overhead. More high-school graduates are likely to be attracted to two years of study and practice than are now attracted to three years of study and drudgery. And nurses, in control of their own professional standards for the first time, would enjoy a prestige they have lacked for 100 years. — SHIRLEY MAIR

Winnie Ille Pu: new life for a dead language

Latin seems likely to become about as lively as a dead language can get. The reason: the inexplicable success of a Latin translation of A. A. Milne's classic for children, *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

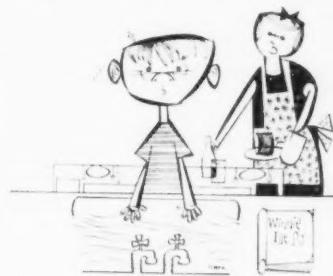
Because of a minor hassle over distribution rights, Winnie Ille Pu has been late arriving in Canada. In the U.S., its publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., have sold 52,000 copies at \$3.50 and are into a seventh printing. Around New York, no literary snob will admit not having read it. In the suburbs, the book occupies the spot on the coffee table once reserved for Doctor Zhivago. In Manhattan, it is inspiring cocktail-party quips that may be as old as Caesar: "Eheu, pueri, sic pila salit." ("That's the way the javelin falls.")

One U.S. college has already added Winnie Ille Pu to its curriculum, and professors elsewhere think it will whet the appetites of students who have never had a taste for Cicero or Virgil. In Ontario, teachers are hopeful the book will add momentum to the al-

ready-growing popularity of Latin among high-school students. (Nearly twice as many are taking Grade 13 Latin as did four years ago.)

The man behind the fad is a Hungarian physician named Alexander Lenard, who lives in Brazil. The son of a prominent linguist, he got the idea from a Latin translation of *Pinocchio*. To find the precise phrases he wanted for Pooh (which Latin scholars have lauded as remarkably exact) he dug through five centuries of Latin literature—Cicero, Propertius, St. Augustine. From Suetonius he learned how to translate a fit of coughing; Ausonius supplied the word for an expert in puzzles. For "washing behind the ears," Dr. Lenard resorted to medical Latin: "ablutio retroauricularis."

As the first copies of the book reached Toronto, reports from bookstores



"Ablutio retroauricularis!"

suggested that Canadians are already dividing themselves into two classes—Pu and non-Pu. One Toronto bookseller said sales were brisk; another, just a block and a half away, felt sure Winnie Ille Pu was "just for the odd crank. The guy who wrote it must have had nothing better to do." —JOHN O'KEEFE

FOOTNOTES

About doctors' handwriting: Some of it may become legible at last. Because druggists and nurses waste a lot of time deciphering prescriptions and notes from doctors, Mount Sinai Hospital in New York is sending its staff doctors to handwriting classes.

About hockey's No. 1 hero: Some U.S. politicians don't agree with Montreal fans who think the title belongs to Maurice Richard. The Massachusetts State Legislature has just given Eddie Shore, the Bruins' great defenseman in the 30s and now owner of the Springfield Indians in the AHL, a car license plate reading Mr. Hockey.

About toothbrushing: A good job of it should take three minutes but the time can — says a manufacturer — be cut to 45 seconds by an electric toothbrush soon to be in drugstores. It has separate brushes (one for each member of the family) that attach to a hand-sized electric motor. Cost: about \$20 for one motor and two brushes.

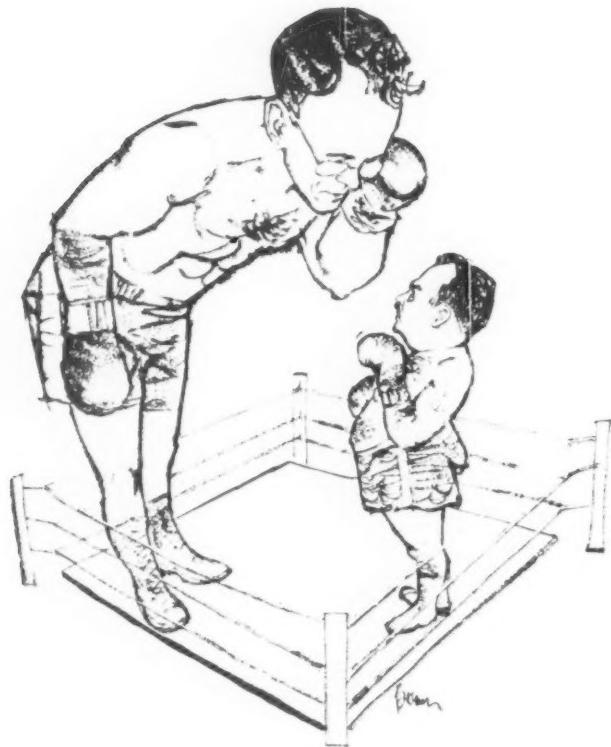
About hypochondriacs: They have two newly identified ailments to complain about: "garage door syndrome" — caused by opening garage doors with too much vigor; and "helicopter hypnosis" — which occurs when spinning propeller blades put a person into a trance.



BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

The fight to lead the New Party is lopsided but real



Outmatched by Tommy Douglas, Hazen Argue is nevertheless a serious contender for the national leadership.

The man who carries the mantle of leadership in any Canadian political party, even when it's out of office, usually has an aura about him that bespeaks power and prestige and a disengagement from the grab and push of ordinary politics. He is, at least in theory, not just another politician, but only one long step away from statesmanship.

Hazen Robert Argue, the 40-year-old wheat farmer from Kayville, Sask., who has been national leader of the CCF for the past six months, falls somewhat short of this dignified idea. Argue is engaged in a sweaty, hectic struggle for political survival that could end in oblivion or in the leadership of the New Party.

While national attention is being increasingly focused on Tommy Douglas, the Saskatchewan premier, as prospective leader of the New Party, Argue continues—almost alone—to plot his own leadership campaign. His chances are small and getting smaller, but he shouldn't be written off as a paper creation placed into the contest to give the appearance of a fight.

The third man to have led the CCF since its creation in Regina 28 years ago, Argue is a middle-sized man with a middle-sized paunch who looks as if he never combs his hair. He makes a pleasant companion, but gives the impression of being a tortured man, with great ideas exploding in his mind. When he's asked a direct but touchy question in private conversation, he twists and grimaces as if he'd just taken a stomach powder. He smiles easily and with emotion, but he's far too intense to have much humor. Until he became CCF leader, no one on Parliament Hill can remember ever having seen him in anything but an incredibly creased brown suit. Since his elevation he has bought a new dark grey outfit, which in its turn is now increasingly crumpled.

Argue knows as well as anyone else how heavy are the odds against him at the New Party convention. Tommy Douglas is an enormously able politician who has done for the CCF what no other socialist has ever accomplished in Canada: actually got into power. After five consecutive terms of fairly efficient government he offers living proof that every-

thing doesn't automatically go to hell when a socialist takes over. He has had federal as well as provincial experience—two terms in the House of Commons before he became CCF leader in Saskatchewan. He is probably the best platform speaker and certainly the best rough-and-tumble hustings debater in all Canada. And to top all those natural advantages, Douglas also has the hearty support of the hierarchy in the CCF and the Canadian Labor Congress. David Lewis, the national president of the CCF, is as heartily a Douglas man as are Claude Jodoin and Stanley Knowles, president and executive vice-president of the CLC.

But in spite of this imposing opposition, Hazen Argue is still preparing quite soberly and seriously for a fight to a finish at the convention. One thought that comforts him is that the rank-and-file delegates do not always agree with the hierarchy, as he proved last year by winning election as CCF leader when Lewis, Knowles and company wanted the post left vacant. Another thought is less comforting either to Argue or to the New Party, but it makes more impression on an outside observer: no matter who wins the leadership race, the New Party's chances in the next general election will be substantially the same.

Ottawa politicians who are close to the situation speculate that, with Douglas as its leader, the New Party might be able to get as much as 21% of the popular vote in the next general election. This maximum would probably be distributed into 10 seats in British Columbia, half a dozen each in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and possibly 17 constituencies in northern and industrial Ontario, with an outside chance of getting the Cape Breton South seat in Nova Scotia. That's a total of 40 seats, but these guesses are of course the optimum possibilities.

The same forecasters predict that while Argue would get a considerably lower percentage of the popular vote, he might win almost as many seats. There seems to be a core of ridings in this country that are excellent prospects for the New Party, whoever its leader turns out to be.

Argue has been preparing himself for the leadership contest by significantly expanding the scope of his interests in House of Commons debates. He's much more of an agrarian protester than a doctrinaire socialist, and in the past his contributions to debates were noted for repetition of the word "wheat" in various contexts, all tirades at the government for not doing more to help those who grow it. During the last session of parliament, Argue still made 108 pronouncements about wheat, but he also delivered an outstanding dissertation on the Bill of Rights and talked on such other topics as the excessive cost of false teeth in Canada, the Berlin situation, and this country's atomic research program.

The CCF leader was once the child prodigy of parliament. That was in 1945, when at the age of 24 he beat nine more senior and more experienced opponents for the CCF nomination at Assiniboia, Sask., and won the seat, which had been held by a Liberal, to become the youngest MP ever elected to the Canadian House of Commons. He has held the riding ever since with a solidarity that was tested but found firm in the 1958 election, when he was the only opposition politician to survive the Tory sweep of the Prairies.

Because M. J. Coldwell, the CCF national leader, and Stanley Knowles, his deputy, both fell in that campaign, the CCF had to choose a new house leader. Argue was elected by his tiny band of eight surviving MPs on the third ballot. His main opponent was Bert Herridge, the veteran B.C. member who is a witty and often brilliant MP but certainly far from being a doctrinaire CCFer. Herridge sometimes describes himself as "a democratic anarchist." Argue's candidacy for house leader was supported by Knowles, Coldwell and Lewis, but they have since cooled considerably toward their candidate.

When Coldwell resigned as national leader at last summer's CCF convention in Regina, Lewis tried to push through a resolution that would have left the leadership open until the new party's founding convention. Argue would simply have remained parliamentary leader. Argue accepted the compromise, but his fellow MPs did not. They stirred the convention into a vote that confirmed his leadership.

The relationship between Argue, the national leader of the CCF, and Lewis, the party's national president, has since become a bitter feud. Lewis and other party officials openly campaign against Argue for the New Party leadership, trying instead to stir up support for Douglas. Woodsworth House, the national headquarters of the CCF, is all but closed to Argue. He is being given no research assistance and recently even had to buy his own mimeograph machine to duplicate his press releases.

The revolt has spread right into Argue's own caucus. Two CCF MPs, Erhart Regier and Murdo Martin, have declared themselves Douglas supporters. Argue claims that, when the national committee for the New Party met in Ottawa recently, he was not invited to attend the press conference that followed. He went anyway, and found himself contradicted on just about everything he said.

At the same press conference, some political strategists thought they detected evidence of a manoeuvre that would see Douglas withdraw from the race at the last minute and swing his support behind Lewis—the man he has already publicly named as his favorite among other potential candidates for New Party leadership.

When he was asked about his own ambitions, Lewis merely replied: "I believe Premier Douglas is the best political leader in Canada today. I believe I'm the second best."

Lewis is a Toronto labor lawyer who has been on the CCF's national executive since 1937. Douglas has declared that he prefers Lewis to other potential contenders, because he is the only one who is bilingual. Argue, who leads the party that Lewis heads, isn't allowing that to go unchallenged. He now takes French lessons from a University of Ottawa professor three times a week. ★



OVERSEAS REPORT

Leslie F. Hannon IN LONDON

Does equal pay for women mean Goodbye, Mr. Chips?

Male teachers look with horror at Momism on the march

Forty-three years after they got the vote, the women of Britain next month score another victory in their campaign for equality: 220,000 female teachers in the state education system will move up to the salary paid male teachers. This will match the achievement of the 200,000 women in the civil service who graduated to equal pay last January 1 after a five-year program of yearly increases.

The teachers didn't have it easy. Charles Curran, Conservative MP for Uxbridge, a champion of women's rights, says he knows schoolmasters who feel the new move will cause men to quit teaching. Already three teachers out of every five in Britain are female. Curran quotes male schoolteachers as saying, "Look at the United States. Over there teaching has become a woman's job. Consequently the American boy brought up by females only turns into a spoiled, unsmacked sissy. Do you want that to happen here?"

Curran does not believe Englishmen will cease following in the footsteps of Mr. Chips. They might if teaching were the only profession where women got equal financial reward for their efforts. But, he says, the more the principle of equal pay for equal work spreads throughout the country, the less likely it is that the schools will become strongholds of the despised Momism.

What is the current situation in industry generally? A check at the Ministry of Labor and the Trades Union Congress reveals a pattern of some isolated progress, some stubborn prejudice, but generally an inching toward equality in wages. In manufacturing industries the average male pay is \$42 a week, the female \$20.35. Even so, low as it may appear, the average pay of female labor in industry rose 5.6% during the last 12-month period. Some employers still argue that a man should get higher wages as a right because he is usually supporting a family. This theory is losing its force in a country where a third of the entire working force is female. The last recorded total of working women was 8,272,000, and a third of them were working housewives. Without the extra pay cheque they bring in, their families could never afford a car or perhaps a television set and certainly couldn't accumulate the down payment for a house. I asked a press officer at the TUC, a woman, if she was paid the same rate as a man doing the same kind of job. "No," she said firmly. Then she added: "I didn't mean to sound so emphatic."

Already hot in TV, Ted Kotcheff heads for the stage

Ted Kotcheff, a burly 29-year-old dynamo who once worked in the Spam department of Swift's slaughterhouse in Toronto, is currently one of the hottest



Male teachers say their female colleagues are turning out unsmacked sissies.

properties in the stage and television world here. He has come to quick fame and some fortune as a director of realistic television drama—23 plays in three and a half seasons, most of them written by the country's leading young dramatists. Now he has accepted the challenge of a West End play. Early next month he will direct *Progress to the Park*, by TV playwright Alun Owen, in a major West End theatre. And he's already looking beyond that. Next fall he expects to direct in the West End a play still being written by Clive Exton. For the latter venture he and Exton have formed a company with their agent and an angel. The director and the dramatist contribute talent, the other two cash. Kotcheff sincerely detests talking about money, but if the company deal prospers he would stand to pick up about 7 to 8% of the profit. For the son of a couple of Bulgarian immigrants that would be a tidy packet.

Perhaps one has to live in England to appreciate *The Times*, but Kotcheff has been here long enough merely to grin when he finds himself named in its columns as Mr. William Kotcheff. He was christened William Theodore in Toronto, but has been Ted all his life. Even being in *The Times*, of course, is a sign of Kotcheff's fame over here, and recently the newspaper devoted a two-column piece to Kotcheff, describing him as "most compelling."

I found Ted Kotcheff in bed with bronchitis in his Hampstead home, a

high-ceilinged five-room flat in a row of Victorian houses. He bounded out of bed to fix me a drink, turned the jam session on the radio down a notch, ran a hand through his wild mop of hair, and quickly made me aware that his shoulders do not carry any of the chips that so many Canadian theatrical people bring over here with them. He is complimentary and grateful to the CBC, which gave him a job as a stagehand one week before TV began in Canada. He was then nearly 21. After two years he was made a floor manager. Then for two years he directed. When commercial TV loomed in Britain Kotcheff got the chance to direct a play for a TV company here called ABC. The ABC people liked his show so much they made him an attractive offer, much above his CBC rate, but Kotcheff returned to Canada to fill out a CBC contract. He came over for the 1958 season, and each season since has been working in TV at ever-increasing sums.

Most of the stuff Kotcheff molds for the TV screen would startle or numb many Canadian viewers. The great strength of television, he says, is the lack of critical sophistication of much of its audience. If a play by Harold Pinter (of *The Caretaker* fame) is put on, most of the viewers are not going to think, "Ah, now for an hour of pretty demanding culture." They judge it for what it is worth to them as dramatic entertainment. When Kotcheff did Alun Owen's TV play, *No Tram to Lime Street*, he

and Owen went to Liverpool, where the play was set, and spent about four days roaming around the sailors' pubs, talking to the riffraff and the respectable. Their new play that braves the West End next month is also set in Liverpool and deals with religious hatreds, class discriminations and other ferment in the port city's multi-racial slums. As soon as his bronchitis cleared up Kotcheff was off with Owen for another atmospheric bath along the Liverpool waterfront. I suggested he should next consider a play on athletics. His waistline is showing the effect of his Liverpudlian research.

Will "hopping flu" hop to Canada?

In the snows and slush of late winter, Canadians had better beware a new enemy — hopping flu. This is the name some doctors in the Midlands have given to a variant of the Asian flu bug isolated in this year's influenza outbreak. It has been killing an average of fifty people a day. Judging by the latest figures compiled by the Ministry of Health, its virulence doesn't match that of the bug of February 1959, which killed 3,292 people that month, but the winter here has been very mild so far, with no snow in the south of England by early February. This year the bug seems to be hopping around the country with little pattern to its spread. It was first noted in the West Midlands, including the industrial city of Birmingham, before Christmas. It began hopping around Lancashire, the North Midlands and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Within six weeks it was in Leeds, Belfast, Burton-on-Trent, Liverpool. The medical officer of health in Leeds, Dr. G. E. Welch, reported flu had reached the epidemic stage there. The Asian strain that began its lethal journey in Singapore in 1957 has been isolated in Leeds. The ministry dubs it a close cousin of the 1957-58 killer, and so far its most serious cases have been people over 55; people under 30 seem more or less immune.

In Liverpool the docks were slowed down with more than 400 men at home sick. British Railways reported 584 men ill in the region. So many nurses were sick that at least one hospital had to close down some of its space. As the bug hopped south, London's emergency bed service issued a red warning, and three hundred hospitals began to admit only urgent cases, keeping as many beds as possible available for epidemic victims. It hit in early February. In four days 6,930 applications for flu beds were made and over 90% of cases were admitted. As this column went to press the latest week's death toll stood at 699. As one sufferer I can say that this year's flu bug seems to produce recurrent headaches and an off-and-on feeling of fatigue, especially in the legs.

I've been in good and exalted company. Other flu sufferers have been Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Earl Alexander of Tunis and Lady Alexander, Benjamin Britten and the whole back line of the Newbury rugby football team. ★

ENTERTAINMENT

Vancouver opera's secret of success: the bookkeeper

Robert Philips keeps spendthrift musicians in check

Serious music ventures, Robert de Lissa Philips believes, often fail because they're run by musicians who don't know how to handle money and amateur impresarios who don't know how to pick talent.

If such a fate befalls opera in Vancouver, it won't be Philips' fault. As president of the year-old Vancouver



PHILIPS

Hoffmann may tell the tale.

Opera Association, he is taking the same tough-minded approach he did seven years ago, when, as a California chartered accountant, he was called in to save the faltering Vancouver Symphony. Like virtually all serious music ventures in Canada, the Vancouver opera depends heavily on public and private donations and grants from the Canada Council. But Philips doles out every nickel as if it were his own. He keeps artists out of financial affairs ("They have little sense about money"), directors out of artistic affairs ("Amateurs should not choose talents") and makes everybody stick to his budget.

Not until the eve of the opening of *La Bohème* last November did the company's artistic director, Irving Guttman, remember flowers for the female stars—a must in the etiquette of opera. *Too bad*, said the directors, *but flowers weren't in your budget*. Guttman had to canvass business firms all over town until he got the Bank of Montreal to donate flowers.

In other Philips-inspired incidents:

- ✓ an opera director ran out of stationery but had already used up his budget. He had to find new stationery somewhere—or do without.
- ✓ the orchestra had to drop a violinist to make up the cost of an extra rehearsal.
- ✓ scenery, lighting and properties men, pleading for more money than they asked for, have been told: "Impose."

So far, in a city where the Theatre Under the Stars recently dissolved for lack of money, Philips has taken in \$50,000 in box-office receipts from four performances of *Carmen* last April and five of *La Bohème*, with attendance of 90% or better in the 2,800-seat Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

Now he is hoping to do even better with *La Traviata* this May and *Tales of Hoffmann* next fall. He reckons that (discounting grants and donations) his

books by then should be in the black. But even if the company folded, Vancouver would still have opera: Philips and his board are setting up a \$100,000 trust fund that would get a successor company started.—ROBERT METCALFE

Quality-movie fans: a not-so-small minority

Ever since TV became a potent competitor, most movie exhibitors have counted heavily on patronage from the fan who wants sex and violence, in full color on a wide screen.

The other kind of fan—the one who wants to see a movie because he thinks it has artistic quality—has been quite rightly regarded as a member of the minority; and in most cities across Canada he is treated like a member of a very small minority. The movies he wants to see are shown only by a film society, by a little "art house"—or not at all. But in Toronto, he can choose between two big theatres (each with more than 550 seats) that, unlike some of their smaller competitors, count on quality films, and not popcorn sales, to stay in business.

Both houses are run by Yvonne Taylor, whose husband is president of Twentieth Century Theatres. She got started 14 years ago by persuading him to let her exhibit some foreign films they had screened at home. He let her take over a 557-seat movie house that hadn't been doing well. She rechristened it the International Cinema and opened with an obscure Swiss picture called *Marie Louise*. On the first night, the moment the English sub-titles flashed onto the screen, several patrons began filing out. Mrs. Taylor stood in the lobby, promising a refund to anybody who stayed to the end and still didn't like it. Several went back to their seats, and none of them asked for a refund.

Later, when business lagged, she wrote a newspaper ad scolding the public for letting good films play to empty seats. "You don't usually advertise that your house is empty," she admits, "but it helped sell tickets."

The turning point came during her first year, when she booked Laurence Olivier's *Henry V*. It did a brisk business for several weeks, and many who saw it became her steady customers there and at the Towne Cinema, which she built three years later. One man began driving in from Guelph every time the International billed a new picture.

Since then, without a popcorn machine in either house ("I can't bear the sight of them"), she has had large audiences for films most theatres would shun—including several as old as anything on TV. In a revival of his old silent pictures, Charlie Chaplin became a new star to hundreds of Mrs. Taylor's delighted young patrons. Their elders also turned out in profitable numbers to see such vintage masterpieces as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *The Informer* and *Garbo's Camille*.

Now the artist of her customers are crowding into the Little Cinema, a two-auditorium theatre with a total capacity of 256 that she opened last fall. A typical double bill there recently had two Swedish creations by Ingmar Bergman.

Far past the stage of wondering

whether foreign films can find an audience, Mrs. Taylor thinks many of her customers are too snobbish about Hollywood movies on view elsewhere. "They tell me they come only to my theatres, and I think that's a mistake."

She occasionally books Hollywood pictures herself, and sees others in other people's theatres—where she invariably buys a bag of popcorn: "It always smells so good I can't resist it."—DENNIS BRAITHWAITE

How one inventor gets color-TV from the CBC

When the CBC is relaying a live color-TV show from the U.S., it takes one of the color elements out of the signal to improve reception on black-and-white sets. That's why color programs relayed by the CBC can normally be received only in black and white, even on color sets. But Eugene Lajoie, of Hull, has built a gadget he attaches to a color-TV set to restore this color component.

Lajoie, 46, administrator of technical operations for CBOT in Ottawa, calls his gadget a Chrominance Sub-Carrier Frequency Control. He built it in his spare time and has a patent pending. At the moment, the device is an uncovered set of electronic parts mounted on a board sitting on top of a color-TV set Lajoie borrowed from RCA Victor in Montreal.

RCA Victor says it is interested in watching Lajoie's progress in getting the last bugs out of his invention but has no financial interest in it. The company is not convinced the device is worth anything except as a curiosity. Once the CBC begins transmitting in color, color-TV sets won't need a CS-CFC. Meanwhile, the CBC is relaying only two live color programs a week—not enough to make it worthwhile for color-set owners to buy a device to restore the color.

But Lajoie believes his device could be built right into color-TV sets at little extra cost, saving TV stations money on color transmission equipment.

—VERA FIDLER

Vasek Zeman and his unhappy drinking song

That happy drinking song, the Beer Barrel Polka, is a painful melody for Vasek Zeman. Zeman, 51, who lives in Montreal, wrote the original lyrics 30 years ago when he was a successful young musician and movie actor in Czechoslovakia.

When the Germans invaded, they seized the assets of the Czechoslovak Performing Rights Society, which had been collecting his royalties for him from all over the world. Then the United States entered the war, and Zeman's U.S. royalties were first frozen, then "vested" (seized outright). They accumulated in government coffers until 1953; then the government quit collecting them from the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and for the past seven years new royalties have accumulated with ASCAP.

As a Canadian resident since 1950 and a citizen since 1955, Zeman should

have no trouble collecting his money.

The U.S. government says it will be glad to pay Zeman his royalties if he establishes his claim—and if ASCAP will say exactly how much he should get. But ASCAP has been slow replying to the government's inquiries, and meanwhile says it needs the government's permission to send Zeman the money ASCAP is holding on his behalf.

The Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada, which last year turned over about \$1,900 in royalties to Zeman from other countries, estimates his accumulated U.S. royalties at \$20,000—and still growing. CAPAC has tried to straighten out the mess by mail and now intends to send a man to Washington.

Zeman, who speaks little English, is reluctant to discuss his affairs; but he makes it clear that he doesn't expect to get the money. Meanwhile he lives in a tiny one-room apartment in Montreal, plays the guitar and several other instruments, for nothing, at friends' parties, and works as a stock clerk for \$65 a week.

Clyde Gilmour reviews the movies

The Millionairess: One of the least memorable of Bernard Shaw's plays has been turned into a handsome but oddly sluggish film under the direction of Anthony Asquith, who once did *Pygmalion*. The principals are Sophia Loren, as a spoiled heiress who is the richest woman in the world and perhaps the shapeliest as well, and Peter Sellers as an idealistic little doctor from India who thinks of her as just another patient. There are flickers of Shawian wit and lively scenes, but the production as a whole is a disappointment.

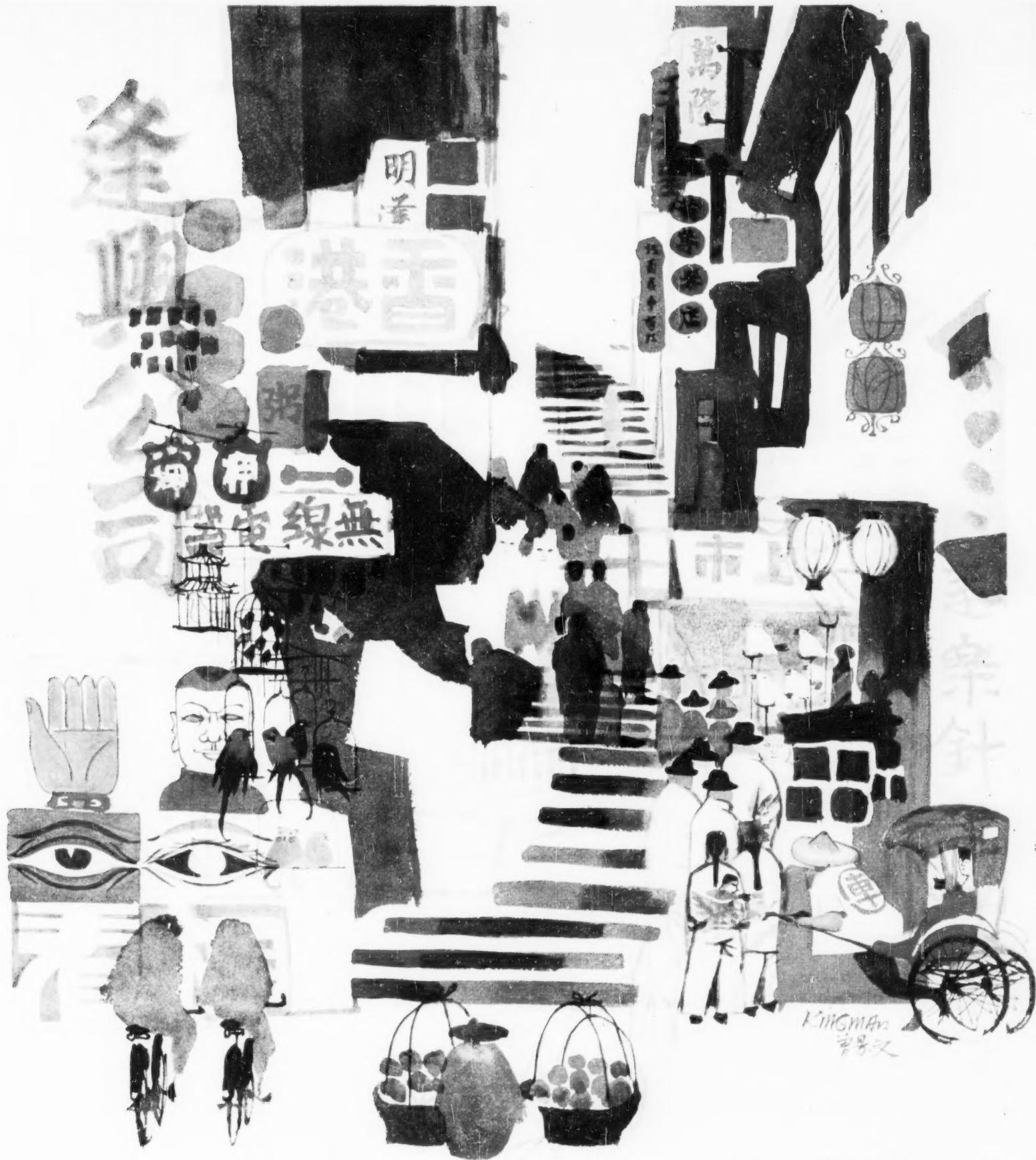
Circle of Deception: An old-fashioned and illogical happy ending fails to disqualify this British drama as an unusual and haunting tale—a spy thriller that ventures to challenge the notion that private decency can be righteously ignored by a wartime government. Bradford Dillman appears as a brave but brittle British agent who is captured by German torturers in France.

Key Witness: A brisk and engrossing low-budget suspense item from Hollywood. It's about a family man (Jeffrey Hunter) who soon has reason to regret his willingness to testify against a murderous teen-gang. Susan Harrison's portrayal of a hot little ice-cube among the avengers has a frightening realism.

Desert Attack: This British yarn about the war in North Africa was a bit too long (132 minutes) and carried an awkward title (*Ice-Cold in Alex*) when it was shown overseas in 1958. But the original version made more sense and was a better movie than the drastically chopped edition (76 minutes) now circulating in Canada under a dull new name. John Mills, Anthony Quayle and Sylvia Syms are among the uniformed stalwarts involved.

And these are worth seeing:

- ✓ **The Angry Silence**
- ✓ **The Entertainer**
- ✓ **Exodus**
- ✓ **The Facts of Life**
- ✓ **The Misfits**
- ✓ **The Sundowners**
- ✓ **Tunes of Glory**



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